THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIII. No. 1735

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

APRIL 22, 1933

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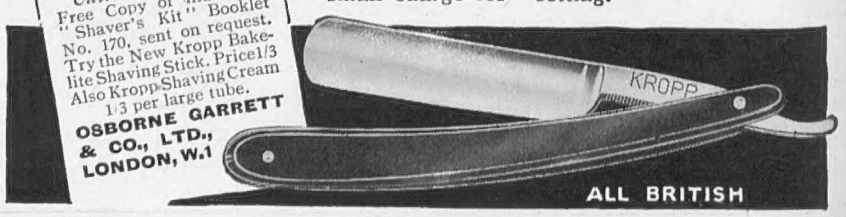


ALL BRITISH

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, April 22, 1933

THE PRINCE'S EASTER

Reed-Cutting at Unemployed Men's Allotment Gardens at Woolwich

The Prince, whose unflagging efforts on behalf of the unemployed have aroused the admiration of the whole country, paid a visit to Abbey Wood, Woolwich, on April 13, and inspected the allotment gardens which are being cultivated by the unemployed of the district. During his tour the Prince was handed a silver-plated sickle with which he cut down some of the reeds on the uncleared soil. The land on which the gardens are situated covers nearly 66 acres, and already nearly 350 men are engaged in its cultivation

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

LONDON BY THE SEA: An ideal Easter week-end once again brought thousands flocking to the South Coast resorts to enjoy the first Bank Holiday of the year. This picture was taken on Brighton Pier on Sunday morning when the holiday weather was at its most brilliant

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, April 19, 1933.

THE COURT MARTIAL.—

Most of us middle-aged men have had many opportunities to examine the procedure of courts martial. The war-time court martial, as any amateur barrister has found, differs profoundly from a civil trial. But it is not on that account less favourable to the prisoner. Indeed, the chief distinction is instantly revealed—the "prosecution" is invariably the prisoner's second line of defence. The prosecutor is so anxious not to press the case against the prisoner that in effect he plays into the hands of the defence. Hence the saying that no soldier is tried by court martial whose guilt is not already abundantly proved. These general remarks apply less particularly to Mr. Baillie-Stewart's trial, on which the fullest light of publicity played and to which the best available legal counsels were brought. But the argument remains that, in a civil court trial, the prosecution would have been pressed more vigorously. Largely the charges against Baillie-Stewart were built up on that kind of circumstantial evidence which is *not* "even more convincing than direct evidence." Often it is the case that a series of significant occurrences invite an equal number of reasonable inferences all pointing in the same direction, and then you have circumstantial evidence more damning and sure than direct evidence which may be perjured. But in the present case, due partly to the "mercy" of the prosecution, partly to the "unnaturalness" of the crime, and partly to the interruption for evidence in camera, the series of significant occurrences did not join link to link to form a continuous chain. Yet, while the revealed prosecution might be criticized as indeterminate, there remains no doubt in the public mind that the verdict was a right one and the sentence not excessive. . . . It remains only to puzzle over the complexities of human nature, to consider anew the gins and pitfalls which ever await the unpractised and ill-disciplined steps of youth; to drop a tear over the futility and waste of a young life, and the childishly inadequate reward for so grave a risk and so terrible a treachery. That any youth, counted sane, should be willing to sell his country for a handful of silver, to buy at such a price a week or so of cheap "life" (of the Southend Pier type), is a reflection sufficiently tragic for moralists and for parenthood, with all its many responsibilities towards the coming generation of adolescent manhood. The crime of treachery is not one which appeals even to the born criminal as arson or burglary may appeal to the adventurous ne'er-do-well. And in this case clearly it was merely the first means which offered to attain a necessary end, a handful of money to cut a dash with among the girls. As for the blood money, it was more a "lock-up investment" than a *quid pro quo*. The tool, as he rose in his profession, might be able to deliver goods of real value to his seducers.

LADIES OF THE SAWDUST: Dancing girls at the Bertram Mills Circus, which opened recently at Guildford, take a final glance at themselves before entering the ring

THE MAN OF DESTINY.

—Mussolini and Hitler are momentarily in the shadows. The concentrated spot light of civilized interest centres on the latest dictator, Roosevelt. And America, which does nothing by halves, has swallowed him whole. Nothing in his career, from the cradle onwards, is too trivial for her curiosity. At the moment a film of the President's life story is making and will be shown in May. A section will be devoted to his undergraduate days and already many yards have been shot in the offices of the Harvard *Crimson*, the undergraduate "daily" of which he was president. He will be seen in undergraduate "rags," he will be depicted combating asthma, practising the victory smile, swatting up history books, prophesying a great future for himself and America, and coining slogans of which "Let's try it" is his latest and best. The captions will be all slogans, and the slogans will be crisp and expressive in the patented American style. And, of course, there will be a prologue which will set forth the doings of the President's remote and even shadowy ancestors, fighting the Turks, stopping the leaks in the rotting dykes of the Low Country, seeking new worlds, and so on; doing, in short, over a period of centuries, all the jobs which Franklin is trying to do in weeks. Well, all this is in the American manner, and we who wish him well offer him our good wishes and our sympathies.

THE GIANT KILLER.

—It is unnecessary to look round for a more complete proof of Roosevelt's unique power to-day over the most recalcitrant elements in American politics than the provisions of his Economy Measure which deal with "veterans' relief." For decades the powerful "blackmail" of the war veterans—in which term is comprised the Falstaffs of the Spanish-American War, and for all I know of earlier wars—has sucked the blood of the nation and drained the courage of

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS.

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information.

The Editor, in view of the approach of the Summer Holiday Season, begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed to "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered, and in order that the replies may be as full as possible readers are asked to send threepence in stamps in order to cover the cost of postage of booklets relating to their enquiry

Congress. In a single year the American ex-service men (1916–18 alone) have been wont to receive in benefits more than the combined reliefs paid to the four chief European ex-service groups. A large proportion of these American warriors never left their own country. Roosevelt's achievement is measured best by figures. With a single stroke of his wand he reduced this blackmail levy by £70,000,000 a year, representing no less than 70 per cent. of the total economies of the measure, and his inspiration forced the approval of the Bill on Congress which a few months ago turned white at the very mention of the words "Veterans' Relief." If Roosevelt is strong enough to scotch that scandal, he will surely eradicate also the scandal of the racketeer and the bootlegger. And then those United States will awake to find themselves—de-loused.

THE GREAT DIVIDE.—The little girl's comment on the picture of the Christians in the arena comes to mind. While Germany is endeavouring to rid herself of all her men of genius, I express the hope that England will not be the "poor lion" that gets no German—Jew! Spain has gobbled up Einstein; Walter, Reinhardt, and Klemperer are up to be bid for, and there are a dozen more German Jews, pre-eminent in literature or the arts, whom any civilized nation would be proud to honour with citizenship if she might. And when the lions have gobbled up all the victims of Hitler's uncontrollable movement, Germany, once a famous cradle of culture, may be an arena of blood and sand, as dull and noisome as a bull ring when the show is over and the gay crowds dispersed. That Germany of all countries, in this year of grace of all times, should relentlessly persecute genius and culture to banishment is an historical fact as inexplicable to-day in the light of her insistence on Kultur in the past generation as it will be to the historians of the future.

A RETURN TO CONSTRUCTIVE STATESMANSHIP.—The Government has enhanced its reputation at a favourable moment. As Budget time draws on the Government of the day has need of support from every sect and class when the batteries of criticism begin to fire salvoes all along the front. "Business done" shows a welcome return of initiative, imagination, and courage. There are new trade agreements on the way with the Scandinavian countries and with Germany, the latter holding out hopes of a substantial revival in the coal export from Tyneside; and it is fair to say that without Protection we could have found no counters in the way of tariff reductions with which to bargain. Therefore the Government's most courageous and most criticized economic measure receives endorsement on a Budget eve. Then the last Labour censure debate on unemployment revealed the existence of an unexpectedly concrete and determined new policy with regard to this problem. Sir Hilton Young announced that henceforward the Government accepts administrative and financial responsibility for assisting all able-bodied unemployed. Their physical and mental welfare would become part of the Government's business, the more favoured areas would have to contribute to the needs of the distressed areas, and the resources of local authorities would thus be relieved and co-ordinated, in the great aim of saving from damnation the souls and bodies of those hundreds of thousands of effectives who must for years be regarded as permanently unemployable. The immediate finance of this constructive measure will be by a pooling of the block grants and a 50 per cent. subvention by the Treasury. When the country is spending nearly 100 millions a year on unemployment relief, a concrete plan for making an effective use of the money, having as its prime object not patching and tiding over, but reconditioning and rebuilding the "mean streets" of humanity, is as welcome as it is overdue. Some of our Ministers, it is clear, have allowed their eyes to wander from Lausanne and fixed them for once on the village pump.

THE FORTUNE OF A FORSYTE.—The fortunes left by popular authors seldom come up to the expectations of their more exuberant admirers. Mr. Galsworthy was a popular author, a "classic" in the view of hosts of admirers, and considering that he started his career without any pressing need for making money, his estate of £80,000 odd is modest. Actually none of his books was a best seller in the sense that *The Rosary*, *If Winter Comes*, or *The Good Companions* were. His books were dignified and steady and their sales were the same. Incidentally also Mr. Galsworthy was a cheerful and constant giver to good causes. But what people so often forget is that a literary man's life savings are not correctly represented by his probate valuation, as is the case with an actor or singer, a barrister or architect. If he be indeed a "classic," if his reputation will survive his day, it may well be that his estate will reap more in a generation after his death than in the last thirty years of his life. Think what a steady income Tennyson's estate reaped for four decades; remember how much more Butler's *Way of All Flesh* earned after the author's death than it could ever have earned if he had published it in his lifetime.

HEATH FIRES.—In normal years there are two seasons when there is grave danger from fire to the gorse and heather commons—in the spring, following the usual drought, and again after the summer's heat-wave which often occurs in August or September. A spring drought is not so uncommon as we suppose. Last year it fell earlier, but was of longer duration than this year's, and the earlier it fall the more dangerous it is. The conservators of commons and the trustees of National Trust properties of this category have a difficult task before them. It is well known nowadays that the vast majority of these devastating fires are not acts of God. They are caused by individuals and are the result of criminal carelessness, or of malice or other deliberate plan. The owner of a single goat living on or near a common will often set fire to a great tract in the belief that he will thereby improve the feed. If the commoners were united in a desire to preserve their heritage, the task of the conservators would be easier. They could organize co-operation against local traitors, "foreign" marauders, and the horde of vandal motorists. But the commoners are divided into cliques and treachery divides the ranks. There is little money to spare for casual labour, and an adequate supply of permanent watchers and rangers is out of the question. And as the times grow thinner, subscriptions from residents fall off and every year the danger to the commons grows greater. It is up to the residents to back their local committees with money and offers of help. Each one of them in his walks abroad should constitute himself an amateur ranger and conservator, to detect and deter offenders. Things have reached such a pass that lovers of English country pray for rain during week-ends and holidays.

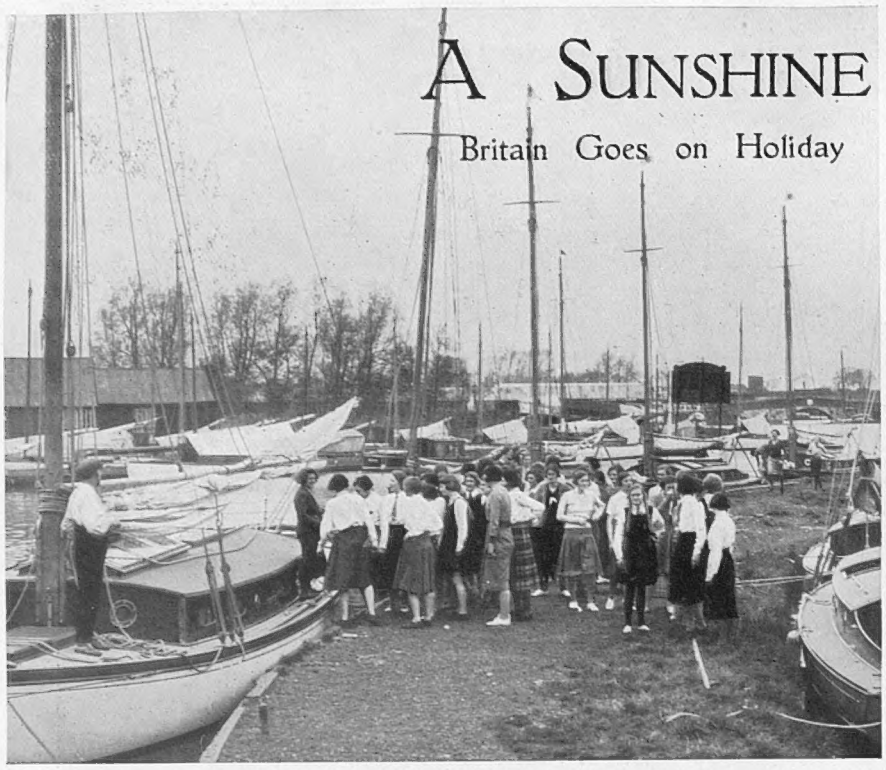
THE OLD STAGER

TONY WELLER INCARNATE: A visitor in Dickensian garb at the Easter Monday Van Horse Parade in Regent's Park inspects the exhibits with the critical eye of an expert

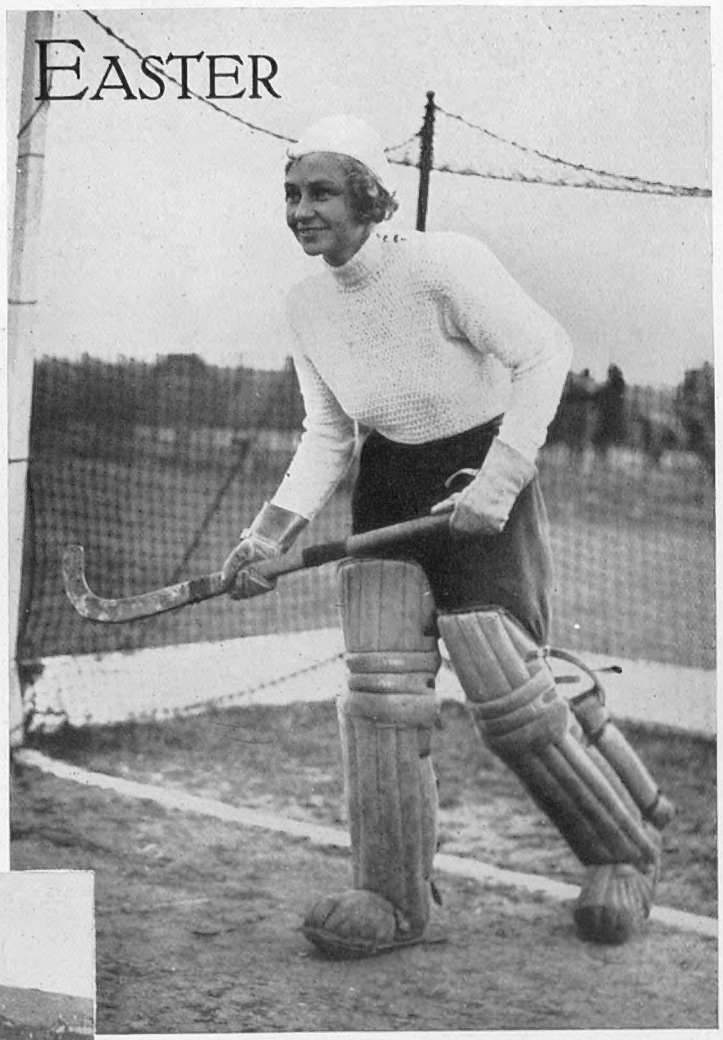
EASTER'S FOUR WORKLESS DAYS: The crowded promenade at Eastbourne on Saturday morning reflected the volume of this year's exodus from London to the south. All along the coast from Brighton to Margate the resorts were packed to capacity with holiday-makers intent upon enjoying Easter's four workless days

A SUNSHINE EASTER

Britain Goes on Holiday



ON THE BROADS AT WROXHAM: A party of University and Public School girls receiving last-minute instructions before enjoying their holiday afloat on the Broads. Wroxham proved a highly popular boating centre this year



DANISH WOMEN'S HOCKEY TOUR: Froken Birte Juncker, the Danish goalkeeper seen during the game at Chiswick last Saturday in which the touring team was defeated by the local club by 3 goals to 1

WAYSIDE SAMARITANS: Red Cross nurses on voluntary duty at their first aid post on the main London-Brighton road where they held themselves in readiness for dealing with any accidents which might occur. Fortunately the holiday was marred by fewer motoring tragedies than usual

AN OLD NORTH COUNTRY CUSTOM: Children at Midgley, Halifax, celebrated Good Friday by going "Pasch Egging." The youths toured the neighbourhood collecting eggs which, when boiled hard, they used for playing "Conqueror"

ON THE ROCKS AT HASTINGS: The cliffs at this famous south coast resort provided all the thrills of mountaineering over the week-end as holiday makers sought the least accessible spots

MOSCOW'S "TRIAL" of the Six British Engineers

JUDGE ULRICH, who presided over the court which tried the six British employees of the Metropolitan-Vickers Company at the Trades Union Hall, Moscow, on charges of espionage and sabotage

AT THE TRADES UNION HALL: A scene in the crowded court during the reading of the charges against the prisoners on the opening day of the trial. Five of the six engineers have been sentenced, three of them being deported, and Mr. Leslie Thornton and Mr. William Macdonald sentenced to three years' and two years' imprisonment respectively. Mr. A. W. Gregory was acquitted

THE PUBLIC PROSECUTOR: M. Vishinsky, whose scathing and sarcastic comments against the prisoners have been a feature of the trial

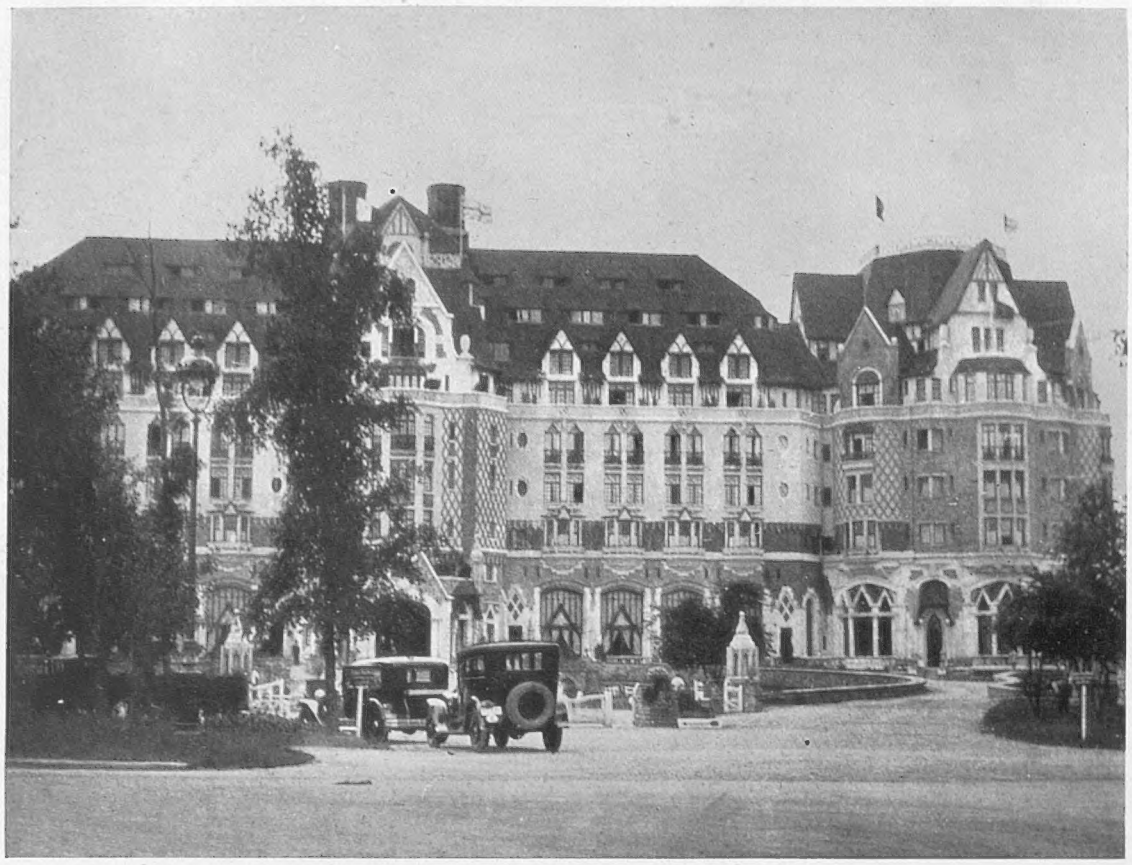
SIR FELIX J. C. POLE, Chairman of the Metropolitan-Vickers Company, six of whose employees have been standing their trial

FACING THE PROSECUTION: Left to right—M. Ilya Braude, counsel for Mr. Leslie Thornton; Madame Anna Kutusova, Mr. Monkhouse's Russian secretary; Mr. Thornton (standing); Mr. John Cushny, Mr. Allan Monkhouse, the Metropolitan-Vickers Company's chief engineer in Russia, and Mr. Gregory

GUILTY, NOT GUILTY, GUILTY: Mr. W. Macdonald whose changing attitude in relation to his own innocence was the most sensational feature of the trial. After hearing the charges and pleading not guilty in contradiction to his previous statement, he again pleaded guilty at the conclusion of the evidence

RUSSIAN EVIDENCE! Gusev, head of the Zlataoust munition factory, who was one of the Russians indicted at the same time as the British engineers, tells the court the story of his wrecking activities. He declared that he had received sums of money from Mr. Macdonald on condition that he wrecked a 1,400-h.p. motor in the factory. Mr. Macdonald refuted the charge in his evidence. Vishinsky, the Public Prosecutor, in his violent summing-up, stated that Gusev was the "main saboteur" and deserved the highest penalty, death by shooting. The eleven Russians accused all pleaded guilty

RUSH HOUR



PITY THE POOR BAGGAGE MEN: The Hôtel Picardy at Le Touquet, where during the Easter week-end no fewer than 664 guests were accommodated, 223 of whom arrived in 20 minutes on Good Friday and 278 of whom left in a quarter of an hour on Easter Monday

Nowhere else and at no other time is the high speed restlessness of the *de luxe* world better illustrated than at Le Touquet at Easter. An example of this is provided by the arrival at 6.30 p.m. Good Friday at the Hôtel Picardy of 223 guests in the course of twenty minutes, and the departure of 278 in the course of a quarter of an hour on Easter Monday. If you allow only one minute per guest for the baggage men to put the trunks and suitcases on the motor cars and hotel omnibuses, it would mean that the last guest would be four hours late for the last Channel steamer to leave Boulogne that evening.

Another example of the rush was afforded at the same hotel by the arrival of 928 people for *thé dansant* on Easter Sunday. They arrived between 4.30 and 5 o'clock and left *en masse* at 7 o'clock. No wonder Joseph Wibbels, the manager of the hotel, was still mopping his forehead when I came in from the golf course at 8 p.m., even though he himself naturally did not have to do any of the actual fetching and carrying.

Which brings us to the strain exerted on the golf club secretary. Over 600 people played golf each day from Friday to Monday at Le Touquet, and 400 caddies had to be provided to cope with the demand—each caddy, moreover, having to be shod with bedroom slippers in order that he should not spoil the greens.

One more example is afforded by the casino, where no less than £50,000 was cashed in cheques of £50 or less during the week-end. Imagine the business of "vetting" visitor after visitor and putting in trunk call after trunk call to the English banks to make sure that their credit was good. Light-hearted gamblers imagine that if they overdraw their accounts while they are abroad no one will be any the wiser because they will be back again before their cheques are passed through. That is where they are wrong. Last Thursday evening the casino anthorities knew already that they had cashed three stumer cheques that day.

But let us probe into the whole matter of providing *de luxe* visitors with the luxury that they crave for a mere week-end. Hotels open like mushrooms overnight, remain frenziedly gay for five days, and then shut down again. It never occurs to us to ask the how and the wherefore. We say, "Well, it is up to them. We pay, they provide." Now come behind the scenes of the Picardy. It is just one of the six big hotels which opened at Easter at Le Touquet and has now closed again until Whitsun. I choose it partly because I stayed there myself and so found the manager easily accessible, and partly because it is the largest and probably the most luxurious hotel on the Continent. The manager is a Westphalian, but when Le Touquet is quiet he is manager of the Hôtel Chambord in Paris. "It would be impossible to open the hotel at a cost of less than 750,000 or 800,000 francs," he will tell you, "And that is between £9,000 and £10,000. And we remain open for only a week of which only three days are really important. Incidentally the *tronc* on Easter Sunday alone will have amounted to about 28,000 francs.

PROMINENT VISITORS: Lady Leon, Sir George Langton and Lady Langton, who spent Easter in the popular French resort

"For the opening of the hotel we have to collect a staff of 302, apart from the sixty plumbers, electricians, night watchmen, and others who have to stay behind to keep the hotel in good repair through the winter. Fortunately, this hotel is one of a group of nineteen hotels with the head one in Paris. We transfer about 150 of our best men to Le Touquet for Easter. The remainder are recommended to us by colleagues in the hotel business. You cannot imagine what a business it is to check their papers, which include details of their age, mother, father, former positions, and testimonials. We have to be sure that they are allowed to work in France. We must be still more sure that they are entirely honest. I myself arrived a fortnight before the opening, and with me came my head chef, restaurant manager, and the other key men. Two days before the opening we had a grand rehearsal of everything—from the preparation of a banquet to ringing the telephones in the various bedrooms.

"On Thursday forty guests arrived; on Friday came 250; on Saturday 300; and on Sunday about sixty. There are actually 664 guests here. Over 400 will have gone by Monday, and all except a dozen or so by Tuesday night. When you have all gone I collect all my head men and we go through every detail of the week. Each of us has taken notes about everything—the speed of service at tea time, the efficiency of the baggage men, the cashing of the cheques—with the idea of rectifying any mistakes

THE DAZZLING SUN: The Hon. Mrs. Borwick and Mrs. Warwick Wright seen at Le Touquet during the holiday

THE HAT LAUNCHED AT LE TOUQUET: Mrs. Anthony Crossley disports a white "dunce's" hat

SPRING FASHIONS: Miss Mona and Miss Audrey Simpson at the famous resort

at LE TOUQUET

How a Famous French Resort Dealt with the Easter Holiday Invasion as Thousands of Fashionable Visitors, the Majority choosing the same Hour of Arrival, Taxed the Resources of Europe's Most Experienced Hoteliers

By CHARLES GRAVES

and making every possible improvement by Whitsun when we reopen.

"How much sleep will I have had in the week? Oh, about twenty hours all told, if I am lucky." As he spoke, the head of the *caisse* came in and whispered. Monsieur Wibbels nodded permission. "A certain guest wants to cash another cheque. That will make 40,000 francs he has had," he explained. "Oh well, it is all in the day's work."

Now come to the casino and meet M. Ranz and M. Aboudaram, the head of the syndicate which controls it. "Oh, it took us only two days to reopen the casino," says M. Aboudaram. "We have a staff of 400, and we leave everything ready to be reopened at the end of the previous season. We have sixty croupiers and sixty changeurs. The croupiers earn nowadays about 150 francs — nearly £2 a day. They used to get more. They have very long hours — from 2 o'clock in the afternoon until 6 o'clock or even 9 o'clock in the morning. They work for eight months in the year. For the rest of the time many of them employ themselves as carpenters or painters or builders."

"Where are we going to get our croupiers for the roulette tables when roulette is permitted by law in France next month?" inquires M. Ranz. "Oh, that is not difficult. There are schools of roulette croupiers in Ostende, San Remo, and Monte Carlo. We will be able to get all the men we want. Besides, one or two of the staff in the boule rooms have been expert roulette croupiers in Monte Carlo. What we must not forget, though, is that all croupiers must be French. They cannot be Italian, Belgian, or Monégasques.

"How much money have we taken? I cannot say yet. But it is six times as much as at Easter last year."

Now come to the long bar of the casino where Georges, the head barman, has thirteen assistants. On Sunday night he was not able to go to bed at all. Champagne cocktails, martinis, all kinds of drink were demanded by thirsty gamblers until 9 o'clock in the morning, when the numerous survivors of the final tables ate eggs and bacon and drank coffee. He snatched two hours' sleep between 12 and 2 o'clock. That was his ration after three hours' sleep the previous night and four hours' sleep on Friday. But look at the golden results. In five nights the bar took about £700. It would probably have taken more if the management did not see to it that the great curtains of the casino were drawn to let in the sunshine at 8 a.m. This invariably results in an immediate exodus of the vast majority of the gamblers.

I have already explained how the secretary of the golf club has to round up 400 caddies from the neighbouring hamlets to cope with the rush. A golf course, however, has to be in working order all the year round, and as there are always twenty-six people at work on it there is no frantic last minute energy. Allowing for the fact that more than 600 people played each day of the actual week-end, one can assess the green fees at something between £1,500 and £2,000.

There is no space to describe the rush in Paris Plage of the cafés like the Centrale and the Normandie. Yet they were crowded all the time. As for the shops in this spick and span little town, they open and then close like petals in the rain. Many of them were caught napping this year. They had no idea that there would be such an avalanche of visitors.

L'APÉRITIF: A typical scene during the Easter holiday rush at Le Touquet. For five days the little town swarms with visitors, pants with high-powered motor cars, and echoes to the cries of "garçon," "banco," and "fore"

And what is it that makes Le Touquet act as such a magnet on the "high-lifers"? The answer is simple. Le Touquet provides you with the cream of indoor luxury and outdoor sport. The new golf course—I have no hesitation in saying it, and I am borne out by several leading golfers—is now one of the first three or four in the world. Cyril Tolley helped to plan it. The hazards are enormous. The turf is springy. Its only rival in my affections is Portmarnock. It is a Grand National of a golf links, and many people think that if there was such a thing as a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Gamblers its first action would be to forbid the laying out of so magnificently exhausting a course so near a casino like this one at Le Touquet.

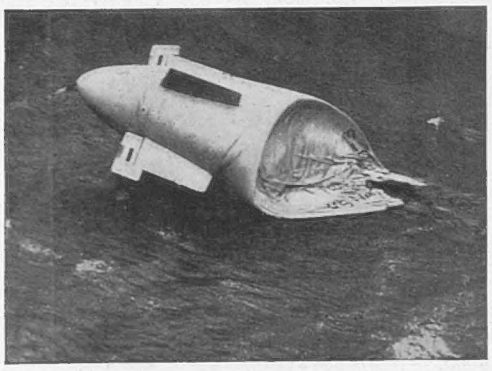
In addition, you have acres of hard tennis courts, miles of pine woods through which you can ride on excellent hacks. Finally, you meet all your friends there, and they, like yourself, feel there is something champagne-like in the air which makes them forget all their inhibitions the minute they arrive. And what could be fairer than that, especially when it is made so easy for them to lose all their money in the casino?

AT THE GOLF CLUB: Members of the golfing contingent seen at the first tee at Le Touquet. Visitors this year found to their regret that Bunyan, the famous starter, whose tact was equalled only by his popularity, has resigned from his post and is now in England

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Morris, Mr. Dick Cannon, and Mrs. Dudley Ryder enjoy the Easter sunshine. Few returned from their holiday without a fashionable degree of sunburn

THE *AKRON* SURVIVORS: Mr. Deal, Mr. Irwin, and Commander Herbert Wiley, who alone of the *Akron* crew escaped, give evidence before Mr. Vinson and his committee at the investigation into the disaster

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY: Otto Kaffra, one of the survivors of the American dirigible, *J 3*, seen at Beach Haven after his rescue



TRAGEDY FOLLOWS TRAGEDY: The U.S. Navy's dirigible, *J 3*, which was sent from Lakehurst, New Jersey, to search for *Akron* survivors, and which itself crashed into the sea

WAS IT THE *AKRON*? Three sailors of the crew of the American cutter, *McDougall*, examining a piece of duralumin believed to be the first wreckage found of the airship *Akron*

NEW YORK BURIES NEAR BEER: Hundreds of jubilant New Yorkers roared their approval as a hearse moved up Broadway carrying a load of near beer. At a street corner the contents were poured into a sewer

HERE LIES NEAR BEER: Following the procession the keg of near beer was broken up and the contents poured away

M. PIERRE RENAUDEL, chief of the Socialist party in France, seen speaking at the Socialist Congress at Avignon. The Congress was very largely attended

HITLER MINISTER ARRIVES IN ROME: Captain Goering, the German Minister of Air, gives the Fascist salute as he passes his Guard of Honour on arrival at the Aerodrome, Rome

THE NEW DELHI

A Cunning Blend of Hindu, Buddhist, Mogul, and English Styles that Fails to Satisfy its Residents

By R. J. MINNEY

For 4,000 years they have been trying to build new Delhis. As a consequence we have to-day a sprinkling of lordly buildings and forty miles of ruins. Again and again the site has been abandoned, but its strategic position in almost the centre of India has led each succeeding conqueror of that eternally conquered country to return sooner or later to the hallowed site. Until 1911 the English ruled from Calcutta, a city built for commerce and set almost upon the edge of the sea; but King George the Fifth, enthroned in Durbar in Delhi, proclaimed a return to the capital of the Moguls, the earlier Hindus, and the warrior princes of the sacred epics.

Government surveyors instantly got busy with their foot rules and their sextants and selected no fewer than four sites on which the New Delhi might be built. So still another battle was fought over that city—only this time bloodless—the Battle of the Sites. One site, lying to the north, had much to commend it. Every new Delhi has always been built to the north of the old one, for from this direction the prevailing breezes come. There was also for the British a sentimental link, since the heroes of the Mutiny, Nicholson and the rest, fell here to the north fighting around the Ridge. Here, indeed, the King laid the foundation stone of the new capital. But the health authorities condemned the site.

Finally a site to the south was chosen—miles of barren, sandy waste land, with outcrops of rocks and a litter of ruins. Out of this a new capital was carved, with beautiful wide roads, one of them, Kingsway, over a 1,000 ft. wide, laid with trees and fountains and flowers; a brand-new shopping centre; hospitals, schools, churches, post offices, and police stations; also clubs, hostels, a railway station, and an aerodrome. New suburbs sprang up, some for the exclusive use of the Native Princes, with large, magnificent palaces of sandstone and marble.

But the completed Delhi is a different city from that which the officials planned twenty-one years ago. There was for one thing no provision made for a Parliamentary building—the circular colonnaded Council Chamber that is such a landmark in the new city. That was, of course, because in 1911 India was ruled very differently; but the liberal measures of self-government, granted in abundant instalments since then, brought this vast new building into the landscape. The original plan also provided for an extensive amphitheatre for Durbars—that had to be abandoned because of the cost; the attractive lake of the original scheme has been left out for much the same reason. And the cost and the time? The plans were sadly out.

It was believed that the new city would take no more than five years to build (it has taken more than twenty) and that the cost would be a mere £4,500,000—it has actually cost £11,000,000. This sounds excessive, and indeed there have been numerous complaints as to the high cost; but when one remembers that but two-thirds of the County Council Hall in Westminster cost as much as £5,000,000, the price paid for calling a vast city out of a desert seems astonishingly low.

The American grid-iron plan of street alignment was deliberately discarded. The city is laid out in equilateral triangles, with circular "places" at the street intersections; and it is proudly asserted that the new Delhi will never have a traffic problem. The centre-piece of the entire structure is the Viceroy's House, which was designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens to represent the power and the glory of British rule in India. It stands on the eminence of Raisina Hill and commands a view of every Delhi there has ever been. It occupies a site of no less than 330 acres—imagine that in the heart of a busy city. There are 340 rooms, 1½ miles of corridors—but then all Delhi sprawls in much the same manner. Everyone who has been there complains of the time spent in getting about. (The secretariats' living quarters are away in the right distance, in the upper portion of the view on the opposite page.)

And that is not the only complaint. Architecturally this gleaming pink and white city is a delight to the eye of visitors; yet its cunning blend of Hindu, Buddhist, Mogul, and modern English styles has satisfied but few of the people who live there. The long white streets are as yet shadeless, for the trees are young, and as soon as the brief spell of winter is over (those short, swift months) the blistering hand of summer descends upon it. Fierce dust storms sweep through the streets and the windows. The flowers wither and die. The Viceroy and his court pack up and depart for the cool heights of Simla, and Delhi abandons itself to a long, official slumber.

THE NEW DELHI: The Great and Costly Governmental and Civic Centre of India

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT IN INDIA VIEWED FROM THE AIR: The governmental area above and the new civic shopping centre below

H.M. the King-Emperor of India announced at the Delhi Durbar of 1911 that the seat of Government would be moved to Delhi. Plans for the huge white palaces in which the Council, the Viceroy, and the secretariat would be housed were drawn up, and the whole area of the chosen site was plotted out. The Delhi Town-planning Committee prepared maps and made suggestions which were published in 1913. The work has proceeded ever since, and the above views give a graphic impression of this central governmental site on the banks of the Jumna. The Viceroy's house and the flanking masses which house the secretariat appear above with the circular council chamber with its outer wall of columns on the right. Tree-lined connecting ways and processional routes branch off in all directions. Below is seen a later construction, the new shopping centre, circular in form, and enclosing a garden area.

INDIA'S MILLIONS

HOLY BEGGARS of the type which recently came from all over India to attend the great twelve-yearly festival at Nasik. The man on the left has whitened himself with chalk to signify inner purification

SELF-MORTIFICATION: This beggar, who resembles the Russian monk Rasputin, indulges in acts of self-destruction as a means of subduing his earthbound instincts. The points of his fingers and his toes are already eaten away

LIFTING A CHILD WITH THE EYELID MUSCLES: An astonishing jugglery act performed by an Indian fakir. The sling holding the child is attached to two capsules under the eyelids, and with this aid alone the feat is accomplished

'LIFE'S HANDICAP": This fakir, a sinewy youth with a black beard and fiery eyes, carries round, year in and year out, iron rings weighing over 225 lbs.

THE FAKIR

India's Most Curious Phenomenon

A BEGGAR ON THE HIGHWAY: A holy beggar rests during his pilgrimage to some sacred shrine with one leg slung over his shoulder. Through years of practice he is probably little inconvenienced by this extraordinary bodily contortion

COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY IN TURKESTAN

Two young ladies of Khotan dressed up for the 'Id Festival which follows the great fast at the end of the Muhammadan year. Everyone buys new clothes to celebrate the feast

A Kashgar barber shaves a girl's head. In Central Asia the barber is a personage of considerable importance as the people think it undignified to do the work among themselves

Painted Chinese actors in their grotesque make-up taking part in a Morality Play in Turkestan. The visits of these itinerant troupes are always welcomed by Chinese officials and traders who are devoted, in the land of their exile, to all theatrical entertainments that remind them of their own country

The three pictures on this page were taken by an amateur photographer in Turkestan, and represent the latest development in colour photography by the Finlay process. These colour records are now no more difficult to obtain than ordinary camera snapshots in black and white

BY APPOINTMENT
MOTOR CAR TYRE
MANUFACTURERS
TO H.M. THE KING.
BY APPOINTMENT
RUBBER TYRE
MAKERS TO H.R.H. THE
PRINCE OF WALES
DUNLOP
DUNLOP MAGNA
MADE IN ENGLAND
Malcolm Campbell
TRIUMPHANT

MARITIME TRANSPORT

AMERICA TO SEE THE "ROYAL SCOT": The C.P.R. liner *Beaverdale* left Tilbury some days ago for Montreal with the L.M.S. Railway Company's famous London-Edinburgh express. On arrival the "Royal Scot" will proceed from Montreal to Chicago under her own power for the World's Fair, and during her stay in America will cover over 4,000 miles of track in a series of exhibition runs. Being lighter than most American and Canadian trains, she is likely to put up some outstanding performances

SOUTHAMPTON PREPARES TO RECEIVE THE GIANT LINERS OF THE SUMMER SEASON: A number of huge fenders, to prevent damage to liners when moored at the quay wall, are now being put in place in the new dock in readiness for the arrival this summer of various big transatlantic liners. The fenders are made of tightly bound bundles of branches

EUROPE'S LARGEST EXCAVATOR: This electrically driven excavator, which can take up over 8 tons of clay at one scoop from an 80-ft. surface, is being employed at a large brick works near Bedford. As a means of transferring soil in quick time its potentialities are clearly enormous. It is here caught at the moment of depositing its huge load into a specially constructed truck, the hinged bottom of the grab having been released

SAFETY AT SEA: Even British vessels, which have a wonderful record of safety, are now taking outstanding precautions against fire. A Lascar is seen in this picture being fitted with a smoke helmet on the P. & O. liner, S.S. *Mooltan*

d

ON RUSSIAN FR

A Bessarabian Night Des in Rumania—where a Bar Line of Demarcation from Esthonian Fron

A FUNERAL FEAST IN RUMANIA: This particular celebration, a very gay affair, was held three months after the burial. Such festivals are a survival from medieval times

Rat-a-tat! Rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat!

With the sound breaking on my newly-awakened consciousness I stared into the blackness above my bed trying to focus my mind. I was still in a half-dream and, with a fancy of the past stirring in me, thought of an angry rattlesnake I had once met. It made me tingle uncomfortably there in the silence and the darkness, while with straining ears I waited for the sound to come again. A single report broke the tension. It seemed to come from far away as though in answer to the query that my mind had raised.

Even as I turned myself on my elbow, the vicious patter snapped out again, fixing my determination to find its cause. I groped my way to the door and down the passage to where my host was sleeping. His door was open and at my knock he stirred.

"Eh, eh, what is that?" he grumbled, striking a match.

"That sound, Vladimir," I said. "Listen!"

Again it came, angrily.

"Eh, *domnule*, it is nothing." He laughed throatily. "It is only the Bolsheviks; they do that every night to frighten people. You soon get used to it. Let me sleep."

The match flickered out and I returned to my bed.

After three months of wandering about Rumania with a ruck-sack I had come to the little town of Tighina in Bessarabia on the River Dniester, the narrow stream that flows all down the eastern frontier of the country, a too-narrow boundary between Rumania and Communism. For Bessarabia is the long strip of land about 17,000 square miles in area running north and south between the Rivers Pruth and Dniester, ending in the south at the Black Sea and in the north touching Poland. I had arrived at night and gone straight to bed; that explained my confusion when I had awakened. Had I realized at once where I was I should have remembered that I had heard talk of this shooting before.

In the morning I spoke to Vladimir again about it.

"I thought you would know," he said. "Always there are Russians who try to swim across the river and escape into this country. If the Bolshevik soldiers see them they shoot at once."

"Surely they were not killing people last night?"

"I do not know, I think not. They let off guns all the time at night to frighten the people so that they will not jump into the water. Of course, if someone does go into the water they kill him if they can. They have lights, too, which they send up to shine on the river."

"But the frontier is so long. It must be over 800 kms. It cannot be so difficult to escape."

"Difficult! The Bolsheviks have a soldier about every 300 metres the whole way, and machine-gun posts as well. That is why we have to have such a big army, for we have to guard the river, too. The Bolsheviks are very clever. It is not only refugees who come across."

Later in the day Vladimir took me down to the river. Tighina is a low-built, sprawling town, poor, but not too unhappy now, after a disastrous succession of bad harvests. In character it is Russian. For Bessarabia, until after the Great War, had been a part of Russia for over a hundred years, snatched by her in 1812. But in 1918, after severing itself from Russia and forming for some months a Democratic Moldavian Republic, it declared for a reunion with Rumania. The population outside the towns is Rumanian, but the few towns are mainly Russian owing to the attempted policy of Russianization, the old imperial policy of Russia to spread herself and reduce other nations to her way of thinking being only a shadow compared with that of the Soviets.

I looked over the river. It was not so broad as the Thames at Westminster. Half across it stretched the bridge that had once joined the countries, now a shattered wreck, standing untouched since it was blown up in 1918.

"In the winter," said Vladimir, "it is terrible. The people try to cross on the ice and the Bolsheviks shoot them down—men, women, and children. Sometimes the men kill the guards. Last winter in this district alone a thousand crossed."

"But what do you do with them?"

"We have to arrest them at once. We do not know who are refugees and who are spies. If we cannot discover what a man is, after some months we send him back. I do not know what happens to the poor devil. But we cannot help it. The rest we spread all over the country. They settle and become happy, I think."

Thus the immense problem of post-War construction in Rumania is added to by a constant influx of aliens whom she will not turn away while she has land on which to settle them, when she is satisfied that they are not plotters against the peace of the State—a thing as hard for the refugees to prove as it is for the State always to believe their pitiful stories.

Many of the refugees are Rumanians. For there is a large population beyond the Dniester in the Ukraine and stretching away nearly to Odessa, which is exclusively Rumanian, not only in language but in customs, costume, and in every other particular. The Soviets took advantage of this to form a Moldavian Soviet Republic, and for a time gave greater liberty to the inhabitants, hoping to impress their kinsmen across the river. But finding that the tide of immigrants flowed the wrong way, the Soviets resorted to the same senseless brutality employed in other districts.

THE ROAD TO REVAL: One of the old roads from the Russian frontier into Esthonia now, through years of disuse, overgrown with grass. The first Soviet village is 500 metres beyond the barbed wire. Following the Revolution many Russian refugees, in attempting escape, met their death at this point

THE TURNPIKE THAT SELDOM OPENS: Another view of the now disused road from Reval to Leningrad. It was once a crowded highway but now the gate is only opened a few times every year

A MAN-MADE BOUNDARY: In 1920, by the Peace Treaty of Dorpat, Soviet Russia acknowledged Esthonian autonomy, and accordingly this straight frontier, patrolled day and night throughout its length and protected by barbed wire, was laid between the two nations

ESTHONIA GUARDS HER FRONTIER: This little Baltic Republic recognizes to the full Russia's military power and her desire to spread her influence wherever a hold can be obtained. So Esthonia practises conscription, and keeps an ever watchful guard upon her frontier

ONTIERS

cribed by a Correspondent bed Wire Fence is the Sole Southern Russia. The tier Illustrated

By DONALD HALL

I talked with some recently arrested men. Their stories were mainly alike. The wages paid by the Soviets bore no relation to the price of food. They preferred to risk death suddenly in the water to slow starvation. One young man said hopelessly that his parents had been "bourgeois" and that from the first he had never been given a chance. In talking with them I felt a shame at my peering inquisitiveness; they looked so wretched and spiritless. They were thin almost to emaciation, their faces had a transparent yellowness, and their eyes were ringed with pink. If I had been there to do something for them I might have felt better, but to survey their misery was too much like visiting a Zoo. I was glad to get away.

One evening I told Vladimir that I should like to go down to the river at night. He shrugged his shoulders and said that there was no real risk and that he would come with me. But first he would tell the officer of the guard so that we could be given a pass to satisfy the sentries.

So on my last night at Tighina we set out. Soon we left the town behind us and entered the great belt of swampy forest that stretched away down the river bank. By the light of the moon we wended our way along the narrow track, parting the tall grasses that tried everywhere to conceal its existence. Every now and then a sentry loomed up calling us to halt. Beyond us, around many bends in the river, a glow hung in the sky above the Russian town of Tiraspol. As we neared it motor horns sounded shrilly across the water, and to me, standing there in the marshy woods, they seemed like mocking laughter.

There was a post immediately opposite the town and we talked to one of the sentries. A few nights before he had arrested a man and a woman who had swum across. He had handed them over to the officer of the guard who, in turn, had put them in charge of a soldier to conduct them to another post further down the river. Midway between the posts the Russian had turned rapidly on his guard, grabbed his rifle, and driven the bayonet through his body. Then, leaving the dying soldier where he lay, the man and woman had swum back to Russia.

"It was along the path you have come," said the sentry. "Those people are strange, their minds are not like ours, we do not understand them. Nicolaie had not harmed them, yet he died the next day. He was only a boy, doing his service like me. Perhaps the man was a spy—but what good did he do? Only God knows we are near to death," he ended, crossing himself.

A MIXED HOUSEHOLD: A Rumanian peasant home such as that in which Mr. Donald Hall lived during his stay in the country. It contains only two rooms, often shared by the farmyard animals

It was late when we started on our homeward journey. Tiraspol was quiet, but its lights were still brilliant. They would shine all night, illuminating the river. It was about eight miles to Tighina, with never a break in the gloomy woods. We had gone over half-way, when after the usual challenge Vladimir stopped to talk with a sentry whom he knew.

I left them, and going on a little way sat down on a hummock among the high grasses by the bank to rest. And, as I stayed there, the brooding horror of the place caught me. But for the brief, periodic patter of a machine-gun or a lonely shot, the night was absolutely silent. It was intensely cold with the promise of the Russian winter. Across the river a sentry strolled slowly, the moonlight bringing at times a hard glitter to his bayonet. I felt then the awful sense of powerlessness which that land of eternal steppes conveys, a land which folds and unfolds itself for ever. Across Bessarabia it flows, and beyond that sentry across all Southern Russia, on, on. . . . And, what was more terrible, the realization came to me that in such a vast land one human life more or less was of importance to no one, that the immensity of it swallowed up the meaning of individuality.

Only in such a place could human beings go on dying for no other reason than that they wished to seek happiness on one side of a river that they could not find on the other. Even the man who shoots them has no clear idea why he does it. Perhaps he thinks that there are so many miserable human beings that the loss of a few can make no difference; more likely he does not think at all. Vladimir had thanked his God when we had turned homeward that he was returning to Tighina, not Tiraspol.

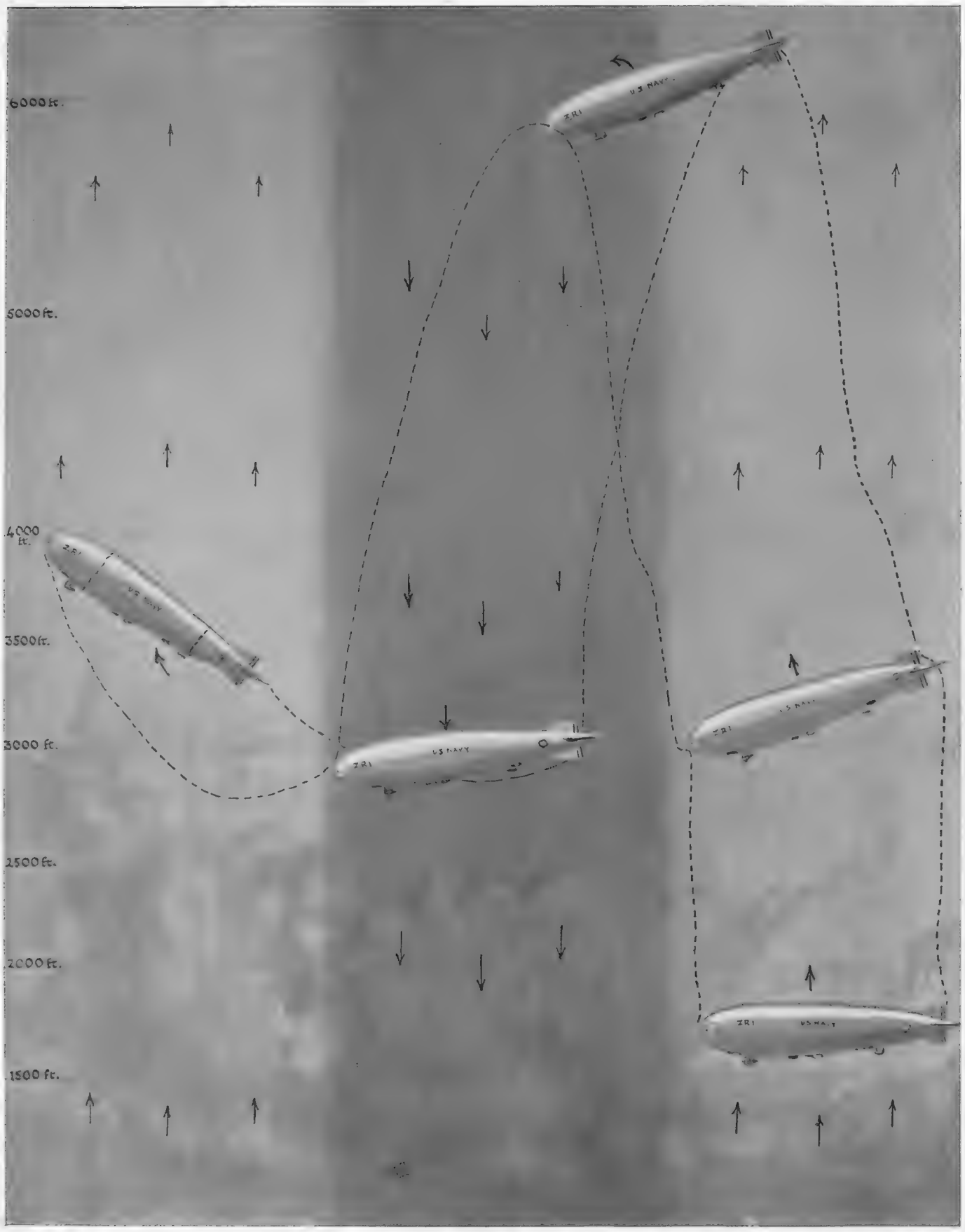
In that was summed up the fundamental passion of every living creature, man or beast, for freedom. For what great difference could there be between the towns but that in Tiraspol men were poor and unhappy in the Soviet's way, while in Tighina, nigh ruined by the poverty of the crops, men could be poor and unhappy in their own way?

It was still dark when I caught the train for Kishineff the next morning. Then the sunrise came, with streaks of bloody red, lighting the steppes with an almost transparent clarity, the swampy lakes reflecting the brilliance in their morning-grey waters. But soon, so rapidly that only half-watching it I did not see it pass, the colour was gone.

ESTHONIA DEFENDS HER BORDERS: With no natural boundaries north of Lake Peipus which would present any serious difficulties for an invading force, the Esthonian frontier guards have dug a well-made line of trenches as an artificial deterrent against any possible designs of their "red" neighbours. This picture was taken near Narwa which lies just south of the Gulf of Finland

WHERE TWO NATIONS MEET: A typical scene on the Russo-Esthonian border. The train has just left Esthonian territory and is seen passing under the triumphal arch, surmounted by the Soviet flag, which marks its entry into Russia. The railway crosses the border at Narwa in the north and in the vicinity of Pskov in the south

A SMALL NATION'S FIGHT FOR FREEDOM: Every year war veterans who participated in fighting the Communist invasion in 1918 have a meeting near the Russian frontier. Lectures are given describing the heroic battles fought by the Esthonian troops



HOW THE *SHENANDOAH* ENCOUNTERED VERTICAL COLUMNS OF AIR WHICH EVENTUALLY BROKE HER IN MID-AIR: This diagram shows the three vertical columns of air encountered by the *Shenandoah* on her ill-fated exhibition flight. On encountering the first, she was at a height of about 1,700 ft., having turned south to avoid a big electrical storm. A curious streaky cloud, however, began to form in front of her on the starboard bow and to build itself up rapidly. It was at this moment that the ship began to rise rapidly as indicated on the diagram. This rise could not be checked by the usual means of dipping the bow. The ascent was at first at the rate of 225 ft. a minute. Gas was liberated and the vessel remained at about 3,000 ft. for five minutes (the second position in the diagram). After this pause, instead of falling, a further rise took place, and water ballast was discharged in the hope of lessening the rapidity of the inevitable descent. What occurred was that the ship rushed upwards at a speed of about 980 ft. per minute to a height of over 6,000 ft. From this point she fell, almost like a stone, to 3,000 ft. in three minutes, the rate of descent at first being 1,500 ft. per minute. In less than two minutes the upward movement again began, accompanied by violent rolling and pitching, until she reached above the final position shown in this diagram. The columns of air were not visible in any way to the eye

THE "SHEN DISASTER:

U.S. Airship Catast Gives the Clue to Disaster to the

The loss of the U.S.S. *Shenandoah*, which occurred in 1925, as pictured above, has a vivid interest in the light of the similar disaster to America's great airship *Akron* a few days ago. The *Shenandoah* was bound for the Middle West, on an exhibition trip, and on the early morning of September 3 had to turn from her course to avoid a thunderstorm. An ominous cloud was noticed gathering near the airship and in a second she was being lifted on a vertical current of air at the rate of 225 feet a minute. At 3,000 feet, owing to the efforts of the crew to control her, she remained for about five minutes. Instead of the expected fall, however, a second rise developed, the vessel pitching and rolling violently. In eleven minutes she ascended to over 6,000 feet. With the dying away of the vertical current, she dropped almost like a stone 3,000 feet in three minutes. The vessel's descent was then checked, but in less than two minutes she began to ascend again. A sudden impetus raised her nose violently and at once the snapping of struts was heard—she then broke into two parts, the control cabin tearing away from the fore part and dropping to earth with a violent crash.

The longer portion, though weighted with the engines, dropped less rapidly to earth; before it struck the ground the tail portion broke away with three engines. Owing to some remaining buoyancy all the crew of twenty-two were saved. The nose portion with seven occupants sailed 12 miles before it was skilfully landed without further loss of life.

Our illustration shows in diagrammatic form the currents of air and altitudes, with the tragic break-up

(Continued above)

on the right. The airship broke, altogether, into four pieces. A surviving officer on the forward section writes:

"I believe that this rate of ascent exceeded that of the first rapid rise. It was apparent to the captain and all of us in the control car that once we began the next descent that the ship could be saved from a probable crash only by slipping a number of fuel tanks. The captain asked me to go up into the keel and see that they were actually ready to slip fuel. As I stepped upon the ladder leading into the keel the ship took a very sudden upward inclination which seemed to me very much the same condition that exists in a 'plane upon the beginning of a loop. The angle was greater than any I had ever experienced in an airship. As I was climbing the ladder, I heard struts snapping, and it seemed as though the control car lagged behind the ascent of the bow. However, I did not think at that time that the control car would leave the ship as there were suspension wires inside the struts, and I thought it was merely the twisting motion that had resulted in some of the struts being snapped, as there had been more or less rolling motion of the ship practically the entire time of our rapid vertical movement. The amount of the roll I do not know, as there was no instrument for recording it. In going up the ladder the angle and the motion of the ship was such that my flashlight which was in my rear pocket caught on the hatch and tore off the pocket completely. I worked my way in the dark up into the keel and started aft to go amidships, where I would find the largest number of tanks available for slipping and where I expected to find the keel officer and other members of the crew. I did not get past frame 150 when there was a terrific crashing of metal and a combination of noises hard to describe. The bottom keel panel was pulled

THE *AKRON* IN MID-AIR AT AKRON, OHIO: in a different fashion from the *Shenandoah*, which centrally placed. The *Akron*, it now

ANDOAH"

First Diagrams of the rophe which Probably the More Recent U.S.S. "Akron"

out and a number of transverses in the keel were severed. This was undoubtedly caused by the control car carrying away from the ship. I cannot recall how soon thereafter or whether it occurred simultaneously, but I remember that my next vision was that of the after part of the ship floating rapidly away and down. This was preceded and accompanied by a crashing sound of metal such as one would hear if a large bunch of lattices were thrown into a pile and jumped on violently. Aviation Chief Machinist's Mate Coleman, who was seated on his car, No. 2, pouring water into the radiator, states that he saw No. 4 car, which was directly ahead of him, swing under the ship from its fixed position. This was before the ship broke in two, and believing that his car might suffer the same fate he called to the mechanic who was inside the car to come up with him inside the ship. I realized at once that my section of the ship was floating, and looking forward I could see the hole through the keel that had been exposed when the control car carried away. Some time shortly thereafter I heard a terrific crash on the ground, more of the nature of a thud. It occurred to me at once that this was the control car striking the ground. I still saw the after portion of the ship settling to the ground, and I saw it suddenly arrested in its downward flight, and I believed it to be striking the ground. The forward section of the ship rose until we were almost out of sight of the ground, and at the same time began spinning in a horizontal plane. My first impulse was that I was alone and, although the section was floating, I pictured that I would have a very difficult time landing it safely, owing to the fact that I could not move freely due to the condition of the keel walkway. However, I shouted toward both ends of the ship, and immediately received a reply from both ends. I found that aft of me were Chief Machinist Halliburton and Machinist's Mate Shevlowitz.

(Continued below)

Drawn by D. Macpherson

HOW THE *SHENANDOAH* BROKE INTO FOUR PIECES AFTER HER CATASTROPHIC RISES AND DESCENTS: Within a minute of the beginning of the third rise, the *Shenandoah* was unable any longer to stand the strain upon her structure. The struts began to snap and she broke into four pieces. It would appear from one account that her hull first broke into several sections, but it is possible that the heavy control car broke away first. It seemed to lag behind the general rise of the ship. All happened very rapidly at this stage. The car went crashing to earth, the bow portion, relieved of this weight, went floating away as a free balloon. The middle section, with its heavier weighting of engines, fell directly to earth, and near the ground broke into two pieces. The tail section being lighter hit the earth more slowly and twenty-two of the crew were rescued from this section. Unfortunately there were only three survivors from the main section and none from the control gondola. Seven of the crew, however, were eventually saved from the bow section after an adventurous journey of 12 miles. This bow portion made a circuit in the air of the main central portion before coming to earth. This section continued to spin in a manner which caused dizziness to those on board. The breaking of the amidships and tail section is shown in this diagram a little earlier than actuality. The bow section had floated farther away when the final break occurred

This airship had its engines arranged along the sides carried five engine cars, two on each side and one appears, began to break in the air

Chief Machinist Halliburton was in the officers' quarters at approximately frame 135, the ship having broken in two slightly abaft there at about frame 130. Forward of me was Lieutenant Mayer, who answered up and told me that with him were Lieutenant Anderson, Colonel Hall, and Aviation Chief Rigger McCarthy. It so happened that our weights were fairly well distributed, so that our section of the ship remained fairly well on an even keel. Lieutenant Mayer and I carried on a conversation, and I learned that he had access to a valve control wire, and as a result could valve from one of the forward cells. He also found that there remained some 1,600 lb. of water ballast in one of the forward bags. At the other end of the ship we had two nests of fuel tanks, but we did not have pliers to slip them. However, we were able to drain their contents from their bottom connections. From this time on it was simply a matter of free ballooning. Lieutenant Mayer and I passed the word to each other in regard to valving and ballasting. Colonel Hall was located in the vicinity of this valve control wire, and performed the actual valving as we deemed necessary. Lieutenant Anderson, as the control car left the ship, had been left astride the keel walkway, and only by holding with both hands on wires in the vicinity was he able to stay in the ship. After it was apparent that we had this section of the ship under control, Lieutenant Mayer got a manila line and passed it to Lieutenant Anderson, who put it under his arms. Lieutenant Mayer then hauled Lieutenant Anderson up into a position of safety in the structure. Shortly after the break occurred we were in a heavy rainstorm." No panic was visible at any time.

HARVESTING NEAR AMIENS: A scene on one of the larger farms in the north of France. On the smaller holdings wheat, oats and barley, sown broadcast, are reaped with a scythe, or sometimes with a sickle and wooden hook, in exactly the same manner as in Biblical times

THE FRENCH PEASANT AT

Industrious—Yes, But Not the Land Slave He is so Frequently Painted

By HARRY DARLINGTON

A vast deal has been written in the past about the industry and thrift of the French peasant, especially by English people who have, for years, made France their home; but here is the narrative of a man who spent but a brief time in the country.

His tale differs very greatly from those of the comfortably situated writers whose café au lait was served regularly at eight o'clock every morning for probably twenty years, because he slept in the fields of the peasant, or in the hedges and ditches bordering them.

He breakfasted, lunched, and dined in the same places, varied occasionally by a visit to a small and cheap and fly-blown café, buvette, or épicerie-café, such as the French peasant frequents, and therefore although in the land but a modicum of the period of the comfortably situated authors mentioned above, he claims to have more experience of the actual habits of the country workers than anybody who has lived there, respectably, for twenty years.

First and foremost he wishes to dispel the ancient legend continually fed to the entire world with regard to the hours of work. For once and for all, the French peasant does NOT work from daylight to dark or anything like it. Moreover his hours of actual labour would amount to a little less than those of the British farm hand, and considerably less than those of the Italian land labourer or peasant.

Industrious, granted; when at work he works with a will, with the spirit of a man who is working for himself and tilling the land that belongs to him, that belonged to his father and father's father right back to the time of the Revolution, and will become the property of his son in the due course of Nature.

He has to be industrious, because in many cases the area that he tills is of very small proportions, so small indeed that it would seem almost impossible that anyone could live on and out of such an acreage. But then one must remember that he produces his food for the most part from his own land, and visits to the butcher or grocer in the local market town are made only once a week, that is on market day, and the amount spent at these establishments for the weekly basket of luxuries would appear infinitesimal in a country where the standard of living is higher.

A TILLER OF THE SOIL: A fine study of a French peasant type

Again, one must not forget that the French peasant seldom, if ever, produces a large family. The law of succession (the code Napoleon) enacts that all possessions shall be equally divided among the next of kin, which in this case would be the sons and daughters; and if the peasant has, say, five offspring and ten hectares of land, that means a succession of two hectares apiece, a much smaller area to support even the frugality of these people. He can himself afford to have five children, it is the children who cannot afford it, a seeming paradox no doubt, but quite true.

In fact the problem of children is one that faces the French nation more than any other. The peasant himself from the moment a second child is born to him, lives in a continual state of calculation as to whom he or she should marry. The marriage *de convenance* is the rule in France. And it is all mixed up with the land.

Would it not be best if the first-born, a boy, married little Cecile of the Dupont family living at the end of the village. It would be very advantageous because when the father of Cecile dies, and he is unlikely to have more children, being old, when he dies would it not be fine if Cecile were to have the strip of land of the father of Cecile between our two squares so that the perpetual inconvenience of going round the strip of land would be avoided. It could be managed of course, especially if one were generous with regard to the "dot" of Cecile and not insist on too much.

That is typical of the thoughts pervading the mind of the peasant from the time the first child is born, and even when the child or children are comfortably and conveniently settled there may be then grandchildren to think about.

He is thrifty perhaps for several reasons. First and foremost because it is natural to him, next because he likes to have a comfortable amount in the stocking when no longer able to work, and probably because it is necessary to provide a "dot" for a daughter.

It is also a law in France that the old people, when past work, must be supported by the next of kin, irrespective of circumstances. This is very well, but the old people, although receiving support from their children or children's children as enacted by law, naturally like to feel a little bit independent. Hence the thrift throughout life.

There are few workhouses in France, and those there are, are called "Maisons de Retrait," a better name than the British "workhouse."

Here are gathered together the old ones without kith or kin. Our hobo discovered one such at Villers-Cotterêts, where the old gentlemen were housed in a magnificent castle built by Francis I, King of France. They were quite happy looking, dressed in substantial blue serge coat and trousers, white lined, with black peaked cap; some had leather boots but others, whose poor old feet liked not the hard boots, wore felt slippers. They seemed to have a little money also and made themselves very comfortable for the afternoon in the various cafés.

Now let us examine the actual daily life of the average horny-handed son of toil.

Our hobo says that, as a rule, he was up and on the road at the latest by half-past five in the morning and at that time it was quite light enough to see to work—in other words, daylight—but there were no peasants in view at that hour, least of all at work. The only persons he met thus early, that is persons engaged in what may be termed agricultural pursuits, were collectors and deliverers of the small milk churns. In the morning these were deposited *empty* at the gates of the farms and the man driving the vehicle, whether motor or horse drawn, was either a contractor or middleman or somebody driving for such a one, and could not be strictly described as a peasant, farm, or land labourer.

There was one exception to this and that was just beyond Biol, in the department of Isère, of which Grenoble is the principal town. Here our hobo saw, half-an-hour before sunrise, a man and a woman with two horses and a single share plough on the hillside working some of the roughest arable he had noticed throughout the journey. But for the probable reason of this early industry more anon.

The tiny roadside cafés and buvettes are usually opened at six a.m. This is in the depths of the country and, taking the average for the month of August, one can say this hour is sunrise.

The cafés were not always open at that hour, but if one banged and rattled long enough a sleepy-eyed gentleman might toddle slowly down from his bed, open the door, and somewhere within a quarter of an hour it also might be possible to get a glass of hot coffee. There is one really comforting thing about the French country and that is one can get a small but very good glass of rum to go with the coffee.

As a diversion let us look at our hobo's diary for a moment anent the small town of La Ferté-Milon on the Ourcq: "Up in good time, made café proprietor lose some sleep, 6 a.m. Doubtful about old legend that French peasant works daylight to dark. None working up to 7 o'clock except village blacksmith, but some going to work."

We will now call it half-past six, and our hobo, refreshed with café-rhum, starts along the village street. Here and there smoke may now be seen issuing from a cottage or two, within which the daylight-to-dark labourer is now getting himself a drop of coffee, and perhaps a little later he may be seen in shirt and trousers, the tails of the shirt worn outside the trousers, gently and with no hurry just looking around the sheds or barn deciding perhaps on the tools he will require for the day.

Seven o'clock, and he strolls out of his homestead towards the fields at about the same pace as

Work

that of a small boy on his way to school. At about half-past seven he reaches his own particular patch of pathetic cultivation and commences work.

Daylight, we have agreed, commenced at half-past five, it is now half-past seven, and, therefore, the "daylight" theory is squashed.

The peasant as a rule has no breakfast, that is, breakfast as the Anglo-Saxon races know it. He will certainly start the day with coffee, and probably eat with it a small piece of bread, but he generally takes bread and sometimes cheese with him to the fields, and after working industriously until about nine o'clock he will then take his ease in the shade and consume the collation.

He will for this hour-and-a-half work continuously and energetically, so that in comparison, the British farm labourer would look like a marble statue, but anything which attracts his attention, such as our hobo on the road, produces a temporary paralysis.

Thus it was on the first Monday in France in the neighbourhood of Wormhoudt, department of Nord.

It happened that the competitors in the great road-racing event, the Tour de France Cycliste, were due to pass in the afternoon. Every man, woman, and child was on the main road that day, some in non-working clothes, and it could be seen that no further work was intended that day. In the cafés much wine and Pernod were being consumed, and long and extremely loud conversations were in progress chiefly regarding the race. In this connection it would be as well to mention that the Frenchman of every class seems to be totally unconscious of noise, and certainly enjoys making a noise himself.

At half-past nine work commences again with the same amount of energy.

In late August the corn harvest is in full swing. On the smaller holdings wheat, oats, and a little barley, sown broadcast, are reaped with a scythe or sometimes with a sickle and wooden hook, in exactly the same manner as in Biblical times. This may be a slow and uneconomic process, but it has its advantages, one being that should the ripened corn be laid flat by wind, rain, or hail, the peasant reaps it with the same ease as though it were standing. Some of the patches are so small that a binder would be of no advantage. In the department of Hautes Alpes, just before reaching the Col du Lautaret, our hobo noticed patches of barley, one so small as to yield only three sheaves, and another across the road had about a dozen shocked up.

One marvels that it is worth while growing such a meagre quantity, especially considering that this corn has to be threshed with a flail or carted miles down the valley when the communal threshing machine happens to come along.

On the slightly larger holdings, however, the sheaves are carted to the farmsteads, which in the majority of cases are collected together in the village for protection, and often the distance is considerable.

The wagon is loaded up, and no matter what the size of the load, or horse, or the difficulty of the road, the peasant invariably rides.

It might be mentioned that the wagons are two-wheeled vehicles with the horses, if more than one, tandem fashion. This is a relic of the day when there was a tax on four-wheeled vehicles with horses abreast. It requires considerable ingenuity to tax the French peasant.

In the village, of course, there is the café, and it seems the most natural thing in the world to stop there with the load. Besides the horse or horses are used to it. It is hot, harvesting is dusty work, and a "coup de rouge" is a good thing.

No "perpendicular drinking" here. One sits down at a table, gives the order, and the glass of red wine is brought. Invariably there are other thirsty workers in the café and conversation, the Frenchman's customary recreation, whiles away a half an hour, the horses being perfectly contented to stand outside and amuse themselves swishing flies.

There is time for another load during the morning, but half past twelve to one o'clock is the time to cease work for the déjeuner, the mid-day meal, which is a function that the poorest will not miss.

In France there is no taking the mid-day meal into the fields or having it brought by offspring or wife. One goes home for it and it does not seem to matter how far away the work is, the peasant will by some means or other get home for the déjeuner.

Our hobo noticed this also with other country and road-side workers. In especial, two men who were engaged in numbering telegraph poles, had left their barrow of tools by the roadside and were enjoying a considerable feed in a café-restaurant *five* miles down the road.

The déjeuner is a good meal, nothing frugal about it as so often portrayed by people who do not know the peasant, and it is accompanied in nearly every case by great quantities of bread and a sufficiency of wine, red or white according to the district.

We will say that the déjeuner commences at one o'clock and is finished at two, but this does not mean an immediate return to work. Oh no! A déjeuner is not a thing to be eaten in a hurry and in a hurry return to work; there are the digestive processes to consider, also another glass of wine or perhaps a Pernod at the café is desirable; besides there are the pleasures of conversation.

Therefore the horses have a good rest during the heat of the day and somewhere between three and four o'clock in the afternoon they are off again to the fields. The café does a fairly brisk trade between two and four.

Now you really see some work. From four to seven or sunset Jacques Bonhomme really puts his back into it and will show you how work should be done. No cessation, no back stretching, except for the satisfying of curiosity as before mentioned.

On the bigger holdings where a binder can be used with advantage, one can hear the drivers shouting at the horses, sounding like the baying of a pack of great hounds and those horses have to work. They must have mouths like cast iron.

Thus we have arrived at dark—say about eight o'clock in the evening—and except for the afternoon session work has not been of such quantity as to kill.

Now for a moment to return to the exception. If a peasant is working before sunrise or through the heat of the day, it is because he has borrowed a plough or horse or horses, or a binder, and is of a necessity working at full pressure while the lender does not want the use of it or them. One other reason, perhaps—he may be going later to a wedding or a funeral or similar function and tries to get a day's work in as well.

Then there is the "including Sunday" theory. Yes, the peasant works on Sundays and, you will be told, the same as on other days. Not so. There is a distinct holiday air about the French Sunday; it is a day of *feste*, and the peasant feels it. He works, but with the casualness of an old gentleman quietly indulging in a little Sabbath recreation in his flower garden. He starts later, takes longer for déjeuner, or probably does nothing after.

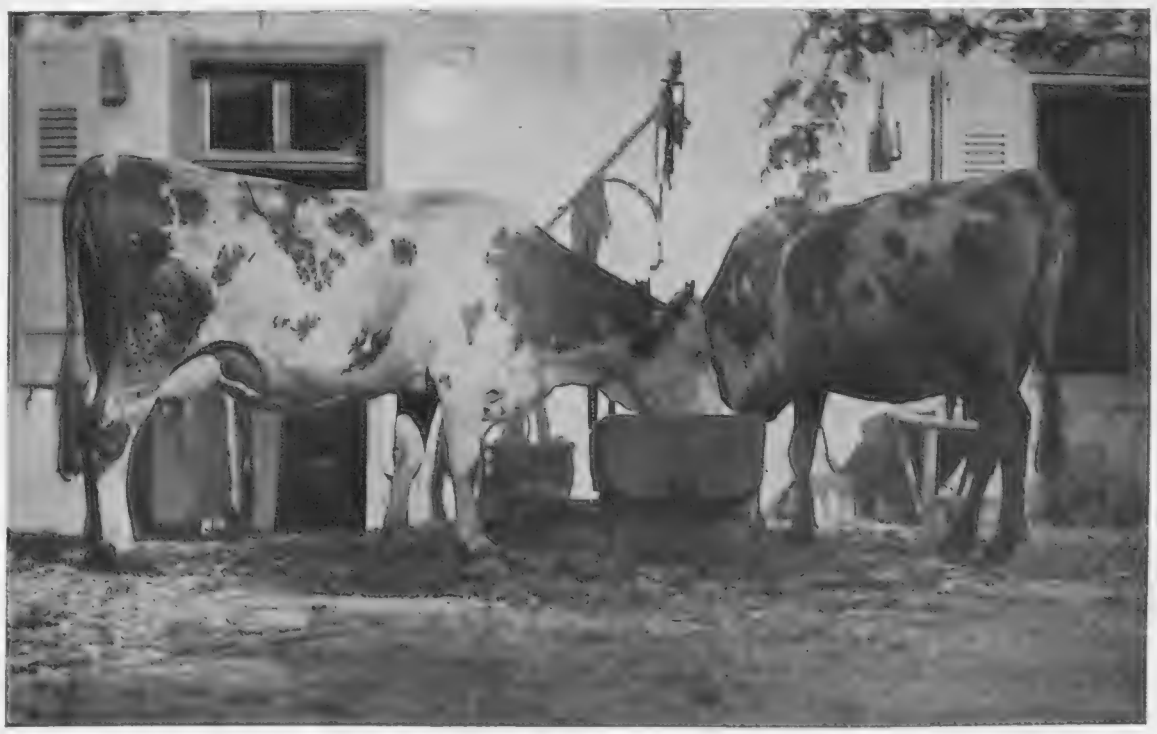
There is an air about him, granted; an air of being born with his face stooping to the mean soil, and living ever looking down at it; soil that is his, as it was his father's before him, and will be his son's after he has turned his face away in death. That and the appearance of extreme poverty, an appearance only probably assumed to avoid taxation, is usual with him. The governments that come and go have always found it of great difficulty to tax the peasant, since the peasant vote goes a long way to make the government.

But all said and done, the French peasant is a likeable personality. He is pleasant and lively in conversation, intelligent without education, and uniformly courteous. He has the usual fund of bucolic curiosity, but will never stare rudely. He is hospitable so far as his peculiar social rules will allow; that is, he will not invite you to his house or to partake of a meal unless due notice has been given and the whole entertainment carried out ceremoniously and in due form. He is a stickler for etiquette.

There is only one thing that will make him really mad and that is interference, especially the kind associated with officialdom. He would not support for a moment the horde of inspectors provided by the grandmotherly British Parliament, and during the Great War may have appeared a little peevish just for this reason: circumstances were interfering with him, with his work, with his stereotyped life. In many cases he was uprooted and naturally objected vehemently at the process.

Finally, should any of the erudite writers of the "daylight to dark" school of thought care to dispute the statements contained herein, our hobo is willing to take them on a tour in France, under the same conditions of hedge and ditch sleeping and eating, to act just as hobo and see for themselves.

A FARMYARD SCENE IN CENTRAL FRANCE: It is sometimes a mystery how the French peasant, with his invariably limited acreage, is able to keep his cattle in such fine condition. His farming knowledge, the result of a lifelong association with the soil, is certainly extraordinary



PEACE AND COMPARATIVE PROSPERITY: Industrialization has had little effect upon many of France's farm lands. The peasant more often than not still prefers the methods tradition has handed down to him, and the peace of the farmyard is seldom marred by the sputtering of oil engines

SUNDERLAND UNEMPLOYED AS FISHERMEN: One of the three large lifeboats, each capable of holding thirty men, which Sunderland Unemployed Social Committee has purchased for the use of the men. The fish will be divided amongst the unemployed of the district

THE PARSON LENDS A HAND: The Rev. P. J. S. Russell, Vicar of Liverton, Yorks, lends a helping hand with the roofing of the village hall. With the assistance of Lord Downe the unemployed are enlarging several old buildings in the neighbourhood and equipping them as village halls

COBBLING: Members of the Airdrie Unemployed Men's Club at work in the cobblers' shop at Stow College, Glasgow, where they repair their own and their families' shoes under expert supervision. Once they become familiar with the qualities and ways of leather, the boots are equal to the expert product

BRITAIN HELPS THE U

Where the Prince's Call for Social Serv

INSTRUCTION IN MECHANICS: How the London County out the Prince's wish at Bethnal Green Institute. T are receiving instruction in the intricacies of the p motor car has been insti

HAIRDRESSING CLASSES: Instruction is being given at the Independent Chapel at Masbrough, near Rotherham, where the unemployed are learning how to cut hair and shave one another. The haircutting lesson is not so popular, as "mistakes cannot afterwards be rectified"

HO

E UNEMPLOYED

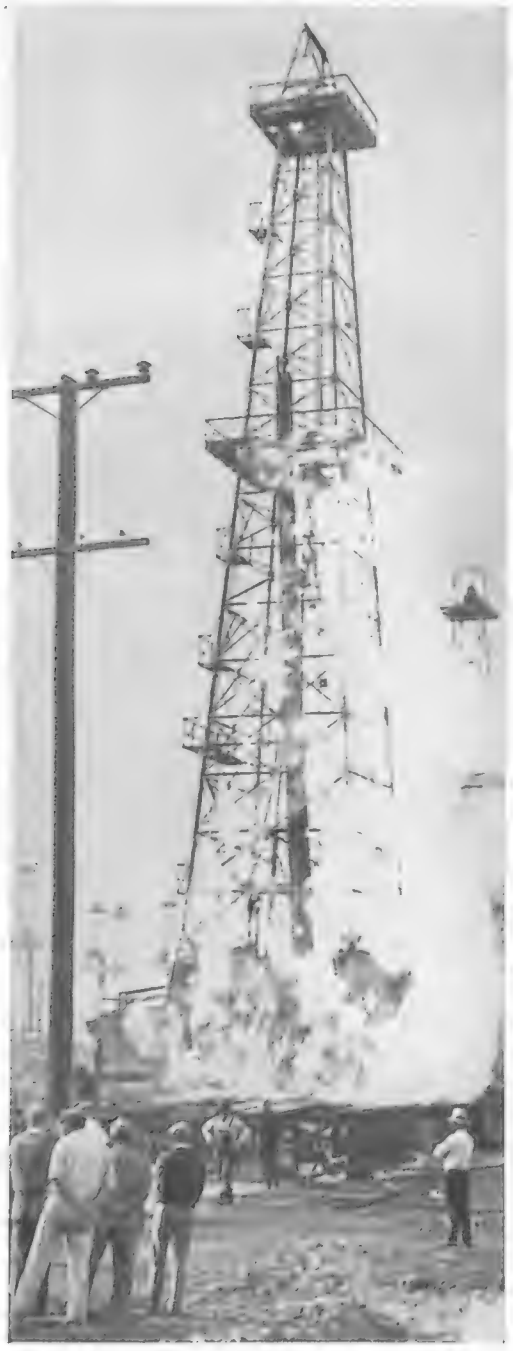
al Service has been Heard

n County Council is endeavouring to carry
itute. These members of the unemployed
of the petrol engine for which purpose a
een installed

PHYSICAL CULTURE: Men who would normally be engaged in the heavy industries and who would usually give a considerable amount of hard physical labour to their task feel the effects of unemployment very severely. Under the supervision of Salford Council for Social Service everything possible is being done to provide these men with adequate exercise so that they shall be fit for employment when the opportunity offers. This picture shows a physical culture class in progress at Clowes Street Barracks

HOW A LONDON BOROUGH DEALS WITH THE PROBLEM: An orchestra manned by the Ealing unemployed. This and the other pictures on this page demonstrate the wonderful response Britain is making to the Prince of Wales' appeal for social service among the unemployed. All over the country committees are finding useful tasks for those without regular jobs, and everything possible is being done to ease the lot of men who, through no fault of their own, are forced to spend their days in idleness. The Prince's recent tour in Scotland still further encouraged the movement

A PRICE WAR IN THE TEXAS OIL-FIELDS: In an effort to maintain prices in spite of ever-increasing oil production, the State of Texas at one recent period called out the Militia to defend the padlocked wells. Oil has probably caused as many upheavals in America's southern and south-eastern States as has coal in this country



THE PERILS OF OIL BORING: A Standard Oil Company well at Conroe, Texas, which burnt for over ten days, many thousands of gallons of the precious fuel going to waste

INCENDIARISM? A well belonging to the Metropolitan Oil Company at Venice, California, believed to have been wilfully ignited. Disasters such as this destroy the work of many months of delicate boring operations

PEACE OR WAR

In the Oil World

BY JOSSLEYN HENNESSY

Since the passing of piracy on the high seas, no activity of mankind has a history of such barbaric splendour throughout the five continents as the oil industry. Oil magnates are the men who time and again have pitted their strength with success against governments. Their royalties have buttressed a dozen treasuries. They have signed conventions with governments and with governments they have broken them. In battles amongst themselves they have spent and lost money as nations do in war. So much so that like the "real" world, the oil world has had its own world war, from the crippling effects of which it is now endeavouring to recover. Its fabulous capital no longer brings dividends to its hundreds of thousands of investors. And like the "real" world, the oil world has pinned its hopes of peace and reorganization in a League of Nations of its own, in which thorny problems analogous to those of Geneva are encountered at every step.

The Oil League of Nations calls itself the World Oil Conference. Paris is its Geneva. Here is the history of its inception:

On December 15, 1917, a desperate French Prime Minister cabled President Wilson: "If the Allies do not wish to lose the war, then at the moment of the German offensive they must not let us lack petrol, which is as necessary as blood." A few days after the Armistice, Lord Curzon said that the Allies had floated to victory on a wave of oil. After the war an oil-conscious world found that if at that time America controlled 80 per cent. of current oil production, Britain controlled about an equal amount of the oil reserves still untapped. British companies had extended control over the oil reserves of Mesopotamia and Palestine, while Royal Dutch had bought the Khostaria concession in Persia. British capital dominated the oil reserves of the Dutch East Indies and had invaded South America.

America awoke to the situation with a start. Secretary of State Colby announced that America possessed only one twelfth of the world's oil reserves. Oil Boards warned the nation that at current consumption rates, American reserves would be exhausted within a few years. "If the United States do not succeed in acquiring new oil fields, the position will become so serious that they will only be able to avoid war at the cost of economic vassalage," was one statement characteristic of the wave of oil hysteria which swept America, while "To the tune of many million pounds a year Americans before long will have to buy from British companies" was another.

No one knew that American exploitable oil reserve would later be found to be almost unlimited. But with the British and the American Governments, the oil magnates and oil investing public in ignorance of the future, a world oil war broke out in which America fought tooth and nail for a share of the world's oil wealth. Financiers were equally struck with the "certainty" of a fabulous rise in prices following on the approaching exhaustion of the American oil-fields. The vast increase in motor cars and oil-burning ships were only two of the most outstanding industries which *had to have more oil.*

But no oil famine came. Since 1927 production has exceeded consumption. The lavish outpouring of what was to be uselessly invested new capital produced an orgy of prospecting which discovered more and more oil fields. Soon the fight for markets became bitter. International market agreements were broken. Rumania tore up "a scrap of paper" and invaded little Spain. Standard Oil cut prices in Royal Dutch-Shell territory. Shell retaliated by smashing up Standard's home market. Prices and profits declined. Independent American producers who had multiplied during the famine boom waged a guerilla price war on every front.

By 1931 the financial reserves of the great oil combines had dwindled alarmingly. The moment for the Oil Treaty of Versailles and a League of Nations to end war had come. A World Oil Conference was created. The aim of its covenant is to end war by parcelling out the world into territories, and to maintain prices by allotting quotas. The Conference is then, it may be said, nothing but a capitalistic group aiming at world monopoly, and trying to raise prices against consumers. Why should not Rumania, or any other country, be encouraged to break away and to engage in cut-throat competition until, in accordance with orthodox economic theory, the most efficient oil producers are left surviving? The answer is that oil wars lead to bankruptcies, and that when an oil company goes bankrupt nowadays it is sold for a song. The bankrupt owners raise, say £1,000,000 to sink wells, buy plant, and build offices. A new company buys this costly property for £100,000. Consequently, without the vast overhead burden of its predecessor, it can continue to lower prices against irreproachable concerns, while it may itself be grossly inefficient. The repetition of such processes that has been going on all over the world has been one more factor contributing towards the economic disorganization of the world.

(Continued on page 152)

NOAH'S ARK

Hamburg's Floating Zoo

THE MONKEY LOOKS OUT FOR VISITORS: Seen in the floating zoo, the Noah's Ark, which Herr Otto Fockelmann, a Hamburg animal dealer, has created from a hundred-years-old Finnish sailing vessel

A CHILDREN'S PARADISE: Whenever the boat drops anchor in a coastal town the delighted children, the Zoo's most devoted patrons, take a holiday and come in their hundreds to inspect the exhibits. In addition to lions, tigers, and wolves, which have to be caged, monkeys caper about the deck as if the sea was their natural habitat. They are too wary, however, to allow themselves to be caught by the children

ON DUTY: A pleasing feature of this floating zoo is the freedom allowed the monkeys which have the run of practically the whole ship. This particular ape has a friend on the bridge where it is a constant visitor

THE CAPTAIN AND HIS KANGAROO: Herr Otto Fockelmann seen with a favourite member of the Zoo on the deck of his sailing vessel. The two hundred animals in the boat were bought up when the Hamburg Zoological Gardens closed down, and since that time have visited nearly all the coastal towns in the vicinity of Hamburg. At some ports the children had never before seen a wild beast show

THE MONKEY ON THE PROW: The animals give endless entertainment when the boat comes into port as they clamber about the ship. The freedom they enjoy has made the zoo extremely popular

THREE YEARS ON THE SEA: Even a goat has found shelter in the Noah's Ark, and, although perhaps not so strange as the other animals, causes endless delight among the children. Herr Fockelmann's Zoo has now been travelling for over three years and at every port at which the vessel calls is nearly always crowded with eager children during the period of its stay

SPRING in the PROVINCES

DANGER ON THE TOP DECK: The Oxford Bus Company find that in some of the country lanes the overhanging trees are a danger to passengers on the upper deck. This bus makes an excellent pruning tower for dealing with the menacing branches

TO SUPPORT EMBRYONIC BEER: A hop stringer near Pershore prepares supports for the growing hops. Manipulating the string requires considerable skill. The girls are paid according to the amount of work done

15,000 MILES DELIVERING LETTERS: Mary Hooper, an Exmoor postwoman, who has covered this extraordinary mileage during her daily round of deliveries since she first entered the service in 1916. Her round passes through some delightful country near the River Barle

ELECTRICALLY STIMULATED MUSHROOMS: Reed-thatching the roofs of the mushroom beds at Princes Risborough, Bucks, where a novel system of electric heating allows of their cultivation throughout the year. The method was devised by a well-known American golfer, Mr. E. H. Chambers

RACING and 'CHASING

SADDLING-UP: Mrs. J. Cooper Bland helps to get her mount "Unorthodox" ready for the Ladies' Race at the Newmarket and Thurlow Point-to-Point

WAITING HER TURN: Mrs. Dunn watches the races with Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine, who won the Ladies' Adjacent Hunts 'chase on Mr. Michael Beary's "Sea Shot"

A FASHION MÉLANGE: Miss V. Dalton sports a new spring hat, a coat, and masculine riding breeches at Newmarket and Thurlow Point-to-Point Races

TAPED: Gordon Richards, the champion jockey, gets mixed up with the tapes as his mount, Lochiel, attempts to rush the start of the Craven Stakes at Newmarket. Lochiel, a three-year-old colt by the famous Derby winner Coronach, easily won the race by three lengths in spite of this early mishap

HUNTER TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS: Miss P. Harrison parts company with her hunter at the Belvoir, Cottesmore, and Quorn trials at Melton Mowbray

HEADING FOR TROUBLE: Mrs. Pimm loses her grip of the situation as her mount stumbles at a fence in the Belvoir, Cottesmore, and Quorn Hunter trials at Melton Mowbray

IN THE MODE AT ALDERSHOT: Lady Mount and Mrs. Paterson, wearing the latest in smart checks, seen in the paddock at Aldershot during the recent military steeplechase meeting

PLAYS: By PHILIP PAGE

The Stage's Age-Old Complaints about Counter Attractions: Gladys Cooper in a Powerful Play: Will Rogers Excels in a Farmyard Comedy from Hollywood

The Easter recess saw a thinner list of theatres remaining open in London than I have known for many years. The curtailed list of plays was comparable only to the state of affairs in August in pre-War days.

Some theatres closed during Holy Week, a procedure which can be interpreted in two ways. Either a play is such a cast-iron success that almost any sort of trick can be played with it; this happened in the case of *The Dubarry*, which, in spite of occasional closures and frequent absences from the cast of the ever-to-be-lamented leading lady, ran triumphantly to packed houses for a year. Or it is in such a parlous state that not much less money is taken when the theatre is closed than when it is open.

In that case a short holiday for all concerned does no harm, and may even do good if a Press agent is clever enough to see that the policy is written and talked about sufficiently.

With two famous actors—to wit, Mr. Seymour Hicks and Mr. Henry Ainley—I was recently discussing this point. and the talk drifted to the variety of counter-atttactions to the theatre at holiday-time, and, for that matter, at any other time.

Mr. Hicks was not, of course, decrying the genius of Edmund Kean and his generation (how are we to know *how* they acted, anyway?), but he did point out that when Kean, a newcomer as Shylock, turned Drury Lane from a semi-bankrupt concern to a theatre which took £60,000 in a few weeks, there was little if anything to divert the public, anxious to be entertained, from theatrical enterprises.

"The modern actor has to contend," he declared, "with counter attractions his theatrical father and grandfather never knew."

Yet are these obstacles really of the twentieth century exclusively? The centenary of Edmund Kean is close upon us. Among the books on Kean I have been reading or re-reading is the life of his son, Charles Kean, by John William Cole.

There are pessimists to-day, and in those distant times also plenty of people were declaring that the theatre was declining, and would inevitably fall. They gave their reasons, too.

Listen to Mr. John William Cole, writing in 1859:

"That the stage has declined in modern times, and that true love for the drama has evaporated, more especially among the higher classes, are assertions so often repeated, and so generally believed, that it may appear hopeless to combat them. In support of these assumed facts a host of causes are duly assigned. Among them are set forward the degeneracy of living actors; the incompetence of managers; the increasing number of theatres; the bad taste of the public, *which inclines in other directions*; the spread of education, which brings all seeming marvels down to their true standard; the late dinner hour; the increase of outward piety; the decrease of cash; the income-tax; the railroads, which carry all the world to see everything somewhere else; *vast multiplication of cheap amusements, in and out of doors*; clubs, debating societies, music for the million. . . . These, and other objections which baffle enumeration, are brought to bear on the question with the crushing force of a breaching battery or an avalanche."

Seventy-four years ago. And seventy-four years hence I do not doubt that there will be published a similar catalogue of reasons why the Drama does not, cannot, and positively must not exist—and that the Drama will continue to do so in spite of them.

I find that a vast amount of attention in considering *The Rats of Norway* has been devoted to its somewhat baffling title.

If a play is a really good one it matters but little what it is called. Somebody once complained to Mr. W. S. Gilbert that *Ruddigore* had an unpleasant and "bluggy" touch about it. Gilbert replied that he was quite willing to call it Kensingson Gore if necessary, and that the pleasant income he was deriving from it was not likely to be affected either way.

The word "rats" has, I grant, an unfortunate sound so far as the theatre is concerned, though I do not intend this to be a slur on that estimable association of music-hall artists known as the Honourable Society of Water Rats, whose hospitality I have more than once enjoyed. Nor do I think the word Norway has a box-office value, for it suggests Ibsen and rain and depression and people with quaint-sounding names, all discontent and mackintoshes. Ibsen is a mighty dramatist and, like Mozart, has a future. But

HOLLYWOOD BURLESQUED: Edith Evans with Richard Caldicot. Miss Evans has scored a great success as a newcomer in *Once in a Lifetime*, the amusing burlesque of Hollywood film life at the Queen's Theatre

IT'S YOU I WANT: Viola Tree, Seymour Hicks, Nora Swinburne, and Joan Clarkson, four stars that form a formidable comedy combination in the successful farce at Daly's. The play is noteworthy for some really admirable fooling and several outstanding scenes between Nora Swinburne and the evergreen Seymour Hicks

DODO WATTS, who will be seen at the Phœnix Theatre early in May in *High Temperature*, a new farce

A HUMORIST IN WHITEHALL: A new studio portrait of Marion Lorne, the popular stage star, who has done much to make Walter Hackett's *Road House* at the Whitehall Theatre such an outstanding success

that future, commercially speaking, is not yet.

Yet here is a play so interesting that it might just as well—and much more appropriately—be called *The Sea-Gulls of the Playhouse*, and with as little harm. The author called the novel on which the play is founded *The Rats of Norway*, for reasons best known to himself. What the legend, printed on the programme, about the thousands of rats who once a year swam out from a town in Norway to an island which had long disappeared, and were drowned in consequence, had to do with the play I do not know nor do I care.

Mr. Winter, who wrote this play, is or has been a schoolmaster, and he has written with inside knowledge of life in a private school in the North of England as unlike Dotheboys Hall as possible, save in one particular.

It will be remembered that Miss Squeers, the headmaster's daughter, fell in love with the assistant master, Nicholas Nickleby. In this case the headmaster's wife, also given to finery, falls in love with an assistant master, one Sebastian. For the rest, there is no sordidness, cruelty, and starvation, but beautiful scenery designed with Mr. Aubrey Hammond's characteristic lavishness: a cocktail party given by the headmaster, good furniture, a butler, and no boys at all—at any rate—not in sight. Instead of such dreamy folk as Smike and Nicholas, we have a group of well-fed assistant masters, each "wearing his old school tie."

If there is more brimstone than treacle about Jane Claydon, the headmaster's wife, she checked her hellish temper in the last scene and became soft and sweet to the assistant master when, owing to a complication of disorders which included a weak heart, fierce animal lust, shell-shock, whisky, and a nocturnal ride on a motor bicycle, he, like Mr. Vincent Crummles, deliberately died *at* the London manageress. That is to say, he chose Mrs. Claydon's bedroom for his final paroxysms.

Perhaps men in that condition do not consider the reputation of the women they love; for he knew that the headmaster was sleeping on the other side of a communicating door.

Mrs. Claydon was equally careless. For when he had died, she woke up her husband, pointed to the bed, and made him understand that the contents had been her lover, instead of trying to smuggle the body out of the room somehow and to spare the feelings of the man she had wronged.

The headmaster, perfectly played by Mr. Cecil Parker, was a good sort, though a trifle pompous and lacking in humour.

His main fault in his wife's eyes was obviously that she was not in love with him, her recreations being wandering in the woods—we are left in no doubt as to *why* she wandered—with Sebastian, indulging in icy sarcasm, looking supremely aloof and lovely in clothes which would strain the financial resources of all the headmasters in England put together, and generally Hedda Gablerising.

I thought Miss Gladys Cooper, admirable throughout and in that last act brilliant, had never played a part better, though she has had better parts to play. Her unselfishness is also to be commended, since Miss Helen Spencer was much more in the limelight in every sense. That I began to dread every entrance of Miss Spencer was not because she is not a first-rate actress, but because she played with such uncanny realism—an exasperating type of young woman.

Love-sick girls can be tolerated provided they do not, if I may say so, vomit in public. Miss Spencer, in scene after scene, had to whine and moan round the man she adored. With a passion for torture self-inflicted, she flaunted the type of inferiority complex which she knew was killing his love. Yet she continued to make him and herself miserable and the audience miserable, too. These scenes were written with great skill.

The play has its faults, but they are few, and faulty characterization and a lack of constructive dramatic power are not among them.

This is the gloomiest of all Miss Cooper's enterprises. But in many ways it is the most valuable, and it gets the fine acting it deserves. Mr. Raymond Massey, as Sebastian, had a chance to be tense, tragic, pathetic. Since this is his line of country rather than the registration of witty charm and easy grace, his performance was magnificent. His production, too, calls for the highest praise, though I would, if I had my way, cut down that long musical prelude emitted by some machine. Audiences are not impressed by having to sit for long periods in the dark listening to gramophone records.

When Mr. Will Rogers, the American comedian and purveyor of "wise-cracks," stood on the stage of the London Pavilion a few years ago uttering near-philosophy combined with near-humour, he did not, to say the least of it, set the theatre in a roar. His fellow-countryman, the late R. G. Knowles, won four times the success with this class of goods at, probably, less than half the salary.

But Mr. Rogers in a film at the Capitol, *State Fair*, I found most diverting as a farmer in some remote American State, who is keen to win the championship at a local show with one of his beasts.

The story was born in Hollywood. Hollywood, however, was anxious to show that it can get away from gangsters and blondes with bathing-pools. American ruralities of the "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" type are difficult to handle, for they usually have an atmosphere so wholly alien to our own and swim in an oily sea of outrageous priggishness. *State Fair* is different. It has fun and tenderness and a good healthy story.

Miss Janet Gaynor contributes virtuous prettiness in such quantities and with such ease that she really need not have been rich at all.

It's a King is a farce saved from ineptitude by Mr. Sydney Howard. Mr. Howard is so funny that he can survive even Ruritania. An insurance official on holiday in the Balkans, he finds a revolution in progress and, owing to a facial resemblance, is mistaken for a king.

The Howard walk is always irresistible. Here he is a Royal Seal in very truth.

SHOWS TO SEE

New—*Richard of Bordeaux*. St. Martin's—*The Green Bay Tree*. Ambassadors—*The Streets of London*. Wyndham's—*This Inconstancy*. Criterion—*Fresh Fields*. Palace—*Dinner at Eight*

THE ROBESON-ROBSON COMBINATION: Few actresses have impressed the London stage during the past few years to the same extent as Flora Robson. Her undoubted dramatic ability is again revealed in Eugene O'Neill's new colour-question play at the Piccadilly, where she takes the part of the mentally-unbalanced white wife of a negro husband (Paul Robeson)

ELLEN POLLOCK, who has been appearing in *The Magnet* at the new shilling theatre, Fulham

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

I had heard her name frequently. Her portrait appeared with such sickening frequency in the smart papers that I suspected her of being a publicist of the first audacity. There were also the legends of her travels. They did not sound credible, and there were those who openly said that they were feats of considerable endurance in fiction. She had travelled across deserts on camels, she had tamed sheiks, she had wandered in the lost oases, been the blood-brother, or blood-sister, of Beys and howling Aissaouia, she had penetrated the dark tombs of Egypt, ascended to the icy peaks of the Himalayas. Eastern potentates had given fêtes in her honour, and even Moscow, the untamable, had allowed her past the barriers of the Kremlin, wherein she had put Commissars through the third degree.

Her conquests in England were no less incredible. In a great house, up whose staircase leapt leopards, she entertained the celebrities of the day. From a bedroom with a black marble floor she poured forth light novels, in intervals between writing vividly upon her explorations in various parts of the earth. A day came when I was invited to meet this formidable lady. I had expected a strong-jawed female with a sun-parched skin and a firm masculine hand and heavy brogues on her feet. I found myself sitting next to a delicate apparition of femininity, a young Frenchman's conception of *chic*, a dress designer's idea of a mannequin—long-lashed, scarlet-lipped, bright-voiced, svelte, soignée, and oh! so quick in repartee, so deft in conversational manœuvres.

So this was the lady, compound of satin and steel, a blue stocking if you please, but on a leg no stocking need have felt blue about. Half-an-hour's conversation made me know that gossip was a lying jade. But how, I asked myself, could one so fresh, so enthusiastic, have ridden through the scorching desert, have penetrated distant Petra and rough Russia, and emerged as fresh as a debutante from her first Court? She has just returned from another transcontinental tour, and here is the evidence of it. *Eight Republics In Search of a Future* (Cassell. 8s. 6d.). If modern journalism has produced a better special correspondent than Rosita Forbes, the author of this engrossing study of evolution and revolution in South America, I have yet to learn his name. Her grasp of complex politics and social economy is astonishing. A few weeks ago there appeared a study of these South American countries by Professor André Siegfried, a renowned observer. There is no comparison possible between the two books. Nothing has been missed by Rosita Forbes. Her descriptions conjure up the scene with graphic beauty. She has an eye for romance, a sense of racial conflict, of political unrest. She expresses the undercurrent of terror that stirs beneath the luxuriant countenance of this vast continent. Her analysis of the political growth, the economic turmoil, the racial *pot-pourri*, justly entitles Lord D'Abernon to account her "one of the acutest observers that England possesses to-day."

It would be a pity for an Englishman to miss this book. There is a tremendous heritance awaiting us in this South American continent, and we seem content to let it slip from us by sheer ignorance of the richness of these lands where we began so well. "So rapid has been the development of the interior that one can almost hear the jungle receding to make way for a new township, each the clearing and distributing station of an area as large as a Balkan kingdom," writes the author of Brazil. "If the United States is the crucible of race, Brazil is still a stockpot. Into it go all sorts of ingredients, Dutch, Swedish, Hungarian, Irish, Nigger, German, Italian, and Japanese. The best colonists are the Japanese, and Brazil owes them a great debt. Their organization is faultless. They come in their thousands, learning Portuguese on the eight-week voyage, ready to make Brazil their home, and they get more out of the earth than any other settler." Rosita Forbes calls Rio de Janeiro a challenge which man has flung at the feet of the forest. It is a too-prolific Eden where Nature continuously escapes the pruning hand of civilization. There is horror as well as beauty in this luxuriant land. While watching the stream of Brazilian diamonds pour flashing through a brown Latin hand, Rosita Forbes hears of the deadly piranha. It is a fish that lives on blood. It will seize a swimmer with its scissor jaws, and rip him open. It scents blood, and no man or animal with a scratch on him can hope to survive. A steer was driven in to swim a river.

"The water was smooth as tea and the same colour. Suddenly when the steer was well away from the bank a series of flickers cuts the surface. The animal began to bellow and thrash with its fore legs. In less than a minute it was the centre of a whirlpool. There was a flash of fin and metallic

ROSITA FORBES, author of *Eight Republics in Search of a Future*, an animated and penetrating portrayal of South America to-day, published by Cassell

back as the pressure of a mob, fighting-mad for blood, forced some of its component parts out of the water. The steer's head went back. Its quarters sank, red stained the river, yet except for an occasional gleam of silver nothing could be seen but a few square yards of churning water in the middle of the vast placid stream. Soon it was a carcase disembowelled and empty. The tumult under water subsided."

We have all heard nightmare tales of vampires. In a valley east of the Andes Rosita Forbes had an experience that seems to have come straight out of the pages of Edgar Allen Poe. There is a breed of small bats which lives on some substance they extract from human or animal blood. They are little more than tubes through which the gore passes, for they eject what they suck out of the veins of their victims. The puncture is painless and invisible. Waking at sunrise, Rosita Forbes was horrified to see masses of coagulated blood on the sacking around her. Investigating, she encountered a half-caste porter who tottered towards her on the verge of dissolution. He and his party had been the prey of these vampire bats. Their veins had been drained. "His half-naked body resembled one of those horrible medieval pictures of a Christian being tortured to death, yet there were no visible wounds. His eyes had sunk into pits, His skin was like sodden paper." He succumbed.

It would be erroneous to give an impression that this book is a compilation of horrors. It has gaiety also, and is packed with acute observation of humanity in humorous, ludicrous, heroic and pitiful phases. Brazil is the ideal land for murderers. A neatly despatched victim will earn one a few years of comfortable repose. The penitentiary which Rosita Forbes visited had cells with polished wood floors, such as London uses for its ballroom walls, running water, a library of 6,000 books, plenty of sun and fresh air, and peacocks walking about under the trees in the courts! When a gentle prisoner, whose cell was decorated with books, sacred pictures and a rosary, was asked for details of his sentence, it transpired that he had been condemned to twelve years for killing his wife. "In Brazil it is hot, and women are annoying," he explained, in attentuation.

This long book is packed with information, and there is not a dull sentence in the whole alluring narrative of a journey through eight republics. No mention is made of the fact that there was something heroic in the physical endurance of this tour. The trans-Andean trip, the flights over icy mountains, the perils of the jungles, the crossing of immense rivers, the discomforts on trek and in primitive settlements, all these things are scarcely mentioned, and yet they would test the physique

BOOKS TO READ

THE HOME OF MANKIND, by Van Loon (Harrap. 12s. 6d.).

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A BOOKMAN, by Alfred A. Stevens (Witherby. 10s. 6d.).

IMMORTALS AT FIRST HAND, by Cecil Harmsworth (Desmond Harmsworth. 12s. 6d.).

TECHNIQUE OF MARRIAGE, by Mary Borden (Heinemann, Ltd. 7s. 6d.).

THURSBY, by Geoffrey Moss (Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.).

PENG WEE'S HARVEST, by Louise Jordan Miln. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.).

EARLY STEAMSHIPS, by Gussier and Ives (The Studio. 5s.).

Rosita Forbes' Engrossing Study in Evolution and Revolution in South America—Her Amazing Grasp of Complex Politics: The Private Correspondence of Sir Benjamin Keene

of the toughest man. Rosita Forbes seems to have made her arduous tour without sign of effort. Her interest was unflagging, and by the evidence of this book her intelligence and her memory never paused. It is as fine a travel book as we are likely to see for many a day, and it serves to educate us in the vast potentiality of British commerce in this prodigious continent.

The Private Correspondence of Sir Benjamin Keene, edited by Sir Richard Lodge (Cambridge University Press. 25s.), brings to light a little known and forgotten ambassador. This is an enormous volume, and it will only interest those interested in the curious bypaths of diplomacy. Benjamin Keene was born at King's Lynn, of which his father was Mayor, in 1697. He joined the Pelham faction and obtained the favour of the Duke of Newcastle and of Henry Pelham. After Cambridge he studied at Leyden. He first went to Spain as the agent of the South Sea Company, and later became Consul-General at Madrid. He had much to do with adjusting the terms of the Treaty of Seville, but throughout his life he seems to have been greatly troubled by the absence of recognition of his services. He fretted for the red ribbon of the Order of the Bath, and the King, reluctant to recognise a man of comparative humble origin, delayed the honour. This fact galled him, otherwise he led a successful and very comfortable life.

He was a bachelor, fond of his table, and accustomed to living in considerable state, which he could afford as Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Portugal. He loved life in Portugal and drew about him some choice friends. He had gone there hoping for a restful time, but he was disappointed. To his chagrin he was moved to Spain. He was a copious letter writer, and this book owes its existence to a fortunate find at Swyncombe, the family house in Oxfordshire. The Keene papers had passed to his brother, the Bishop of Ely, and reposed at Swyncombe until 1923, and are now the property of Mrs. Ruck Keene. Curiously worded, mixing pomposity with shrewdness, we are in the age of patronage and good living. The Court of Spain sets the fashion in etiquette, in England there is the Rebellion and much fear of the Pretender. When at last there was news of the desired ribbon, I find that it was an ancestor of mine, a minion of the Pelhams, and Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, John Roberts, who wrote to him from Newcastle House. The King of Spain was asked to confer the decoration. The Queen had intended to absent herself, but it was suggested that this was unkind to Keene. "Her Catholick Majesty told Mr. Wall that, as the ceremony was to be so early, she was afraid she should not have finished her toilette. Mr. Wall took the liberty to reply that her Majesty would mortyfy me extremely if she did not honour me for a moment with her presence though it should be *en papillottes*. But she sent me word that it should be a little more decent, that she would let me perceive her at the door of a cabinet where there was a thin curtain."

Sir Benjamin was much enraged when the College of Heralds questioned his claim to an existing Coat of Arms, and replied sturdily, "I will engage that three parts of those who bear arms cannot of a sudden prove their right to them to the satisfaction of the scrupulous conscience of an officer-at-arms. The more careful and cautious make use of the first leaf of a family Bible for their faithful register of the birth of their children. My education has been so much from home that God knows whether there was any family Bible or not." These letters are most ably edited and annotated, and open up intriguing channels of forgotten history. Sir Benjamin must have been good company, both from a point of discourse and of his table appointments.

In *Vicars' Walk* (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.) Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell has told us a story of Wells and its cathedral precincts. This is the history of a verger, his temptation in life, and the mellowing and subtle influence that holds him to the quiet walks under the shadow of the cathedral. Enock Saint is unsettled by the War. A ticket in a sweepstake nearly brings the family tradition to an end, but he succeeds in out-manœuvring the Dean, and at the close he learns that there is no life for him apart from the office of verger. The charm and moving quality of this novel have been evoked by Mr. Vachell's loving observation. The peace of the cathedral town pervades every page, and makes this book a lavender romance in which tradition, love, fidelity and the small trials of life are most subtly blended.

No words are needed; for the picture tells
What happens when, with one gigantic hand
This modern Samson negligently fells
A serviceable building near the Strand.

Draining his glass of Guinness, he enjoys
The vision of his nervous mate's distress
And—while it is a pillar he destroys,
He makes a column—for the Daily Press.

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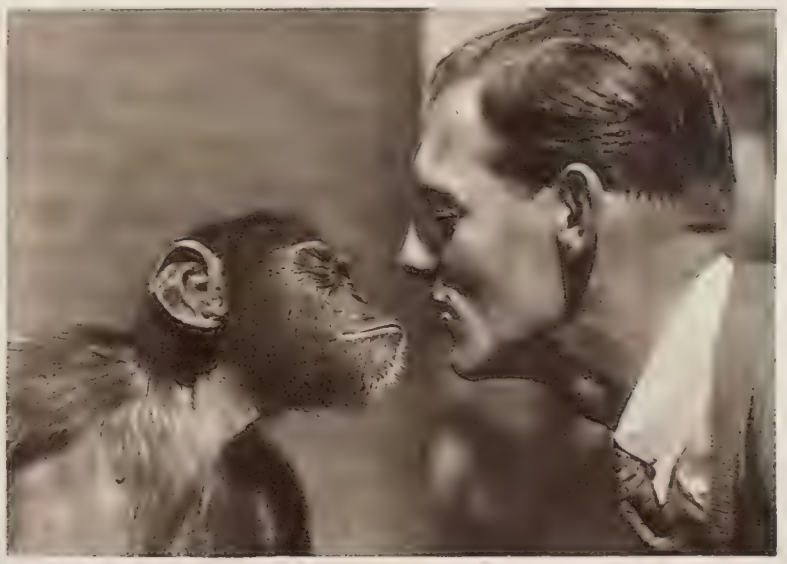
A woolly opossum and its young hang together from a branch. These strange marsupials are noteworthy for their cunning in robbing poultry yards



A KISS FOR THE KEEPER

A chimpanzee displays almost human affection for its best friend

A TRUNK CALL

A baby African elephant enjoys a morning drink

"BITTER SWEET"

Scenes from the New Film

HYDE PARK IN 1875: Film-goers will soon be able to enjoy the screen version of Noel Coward's brilliant operette *Bitter Sweet*. This "still" is taken from the Hyde Park scene and shows Miss Norma Whalley as Mrs. Millick taking the air in her victoria with the Hon. Hugh Devon (Esme Percy)

THE MUSIC TEACHER TURNS LOVER: Anna Neagle and Fernand Graavey, no longer pupil and master, decide to elope

THE MUSIC LESSON: Everyone who saw the play, *Bitter Sweet*, will remember the music lesson scene where the young pupil falls in love with her teacher and agrees to elope with him to Vienna. Anna Neagle takes the part of Sara Millick and Fernand Graavey, who bears a striking resemblance to Robert Montgomery, that of Carl Linden. The film is a British and Dominions production and was made at Boreham Wood, Hertfordshire

"Boulter's Lock" is a spectator sports dress in Horrockses Mateen. Patterned in yellow on a white ground, Helen Chandler has given it very decorative split sleeves which are folded back in the same way as the collar and the fall-over at the waist, where the double row of small buttons is a decorative detail that should not be overlooked

DEFT DETAILS

"Riviera" is the name of this Busvine cruising suit in white silk and wool tweed. Essentially simple in character, interest is focused by the appliquéd bands in shaded green and white crêpe de Chine, and the stitched pleats set on to the hip yoke in steps. Link buttons fasten it at the throat

Scaioni Studios

"Crossed checks" is made in a light woollen material from Scotland. In beige and blue, the corsage shows a two-toned scarf treatment, the same shades being used for the under cuffs on sleeves which button from wrist to elbow. Vivian Porter moulds the skirt to the figure by cutting it on the cross

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

WITH CAR AND CARAVAN TO CAIRO: The Hillman Wizard and the Car Cruiser caravan which recently completed a three thousand mile journey from London to Cairo. The Hillman hauled its heavy load over hundreds of miles of this sort of going, under a blazing sun, and frequently in bottom and second gears over mile after mile. Indeed, on some days it was an achievement to get into third gear, while top was not used from morning till night

Ten years and more ago it was frequently the custom to plant the least intelligent son of the family on to the motor trade. Quite wrongly it was thought that brains did not matter; but they did, with the result that those who entered the trade in this happy-go-lucky manner found before very long that it was prudent to leave it. To-day the motor industry offers a very promising, attractive and lucrative career to a studious youth. I do not suppose there is another industry in the country that is organized on such up-to-date lines and in which there are less dead-heads than the one in question, and so parents should be careful not to assume that the motor trade is suited to their offspring just because the boy likes tinkering with his father's car.

The industry, however, does require new recruits every year, and many of these are destined to map out for themselves very distinguished careers. Sensible parents, I think, are aware of this fact, but sometimes are perplexed as to the best method of training their offspring so as to make certain that a good start is made.

From time immemorial the apprenticeship scheme has been in operation and on the whole it has worked well; but to-day, as far as the motor industry is concerned, it is very doubtful whether an apprentice at a modern motor works learns very much that is likely to be of use to him in after life.

The modern factory that turns out motor cars by the thousand is so highly organized on mass production lines that no boy can get a complete training in automobile engineering by being merely an apprentice. If his ambitions are only to be a shop foreman or something of that description, then this type of training may be all right; but if his hopes are to be a real engineer, dealing with automobiles, some other form of training is essential. Fortunately, we have in this country a College of Automobile Engineering, which is situated at Sydney Street, Chelsea, London, and here students can obtain, if they work hard and are temperamentally suited, a thorough training in automobile engineering. I know the college very well as a result of constant visits. I have met the instructors, I have examined the equipment, and I have studied the policy and the curriculum. My recommendation as to its fitness is not, therefore, based on just reading from a book.

What pleases me most about the college is that when a youth has been trained and has come to the end of his last term the college authorities do not just shake him by the hand and express the pious wish that before very long he may find a job. No, they definitely look after the student for three years from the time he leaves. Provided the youth gains the college diploma, the Careers Department of the college does its best to place the boy in the industry and keeps a careful eye on how he gets on for three years, but this system must not be taken as implying any guarantee that a student will of necessity obtain an appointment when he leaves the college.

Another very practical and useful part of the college policy is that of taking students for a probationary term. To start with, the college does not insist on a public examination as a qualification for entry, although matriculation or a school certificate indicates a good standard of general education. It is felt—and I think the college authorities are right—that a boy's failure to pass matriculation—say in a modern language—does not necessarily mean that he is unsuited to become an automobile engineer. Again, many lads experience a kind of stage fright when sitting for an examination, yet they may be quite bright when it comes to practical matters.

In order to discover whether a student is really suited for the motor industry, and in order to save parents unnecessary expenditure of money, the college enrols students for a probationary term of approximately three months. During this time a very careful watch is kept on the boy, not only as regards his work, but also with the object of discovering whether he has the right personality and is temperamentally suited for the career which it is suggested he should follow.

I think I can safely say to parents that there is just as much room in the motor industry as there is in any other, but there is no room for slackers or people who hope to hold a position by influence.

The aeroplane industry offers the same attractions, but, unfortunately, in its case there is a cloud hanging over its head in the shape of the suggested agreement amongst nations to control all civil aviation. Fortunately for the motor industry there is no such threat to interfere with its normal development. Any parent wishing to have further particulars of the college should write to the Principal at the address mentioned.

'WARE SHEEP: There is nothing like a straggling flock of sheep encountered round a bend to test the brakes of a car. Here is a little Morris Minor on which powerful four-wheel brakes are a feature of the specification, pulling up on "all fours" in an Oxfordshire by-way

A NEW MODEL: An attractive cabriolet which has just been added to the Austin Ten-Four range. Having ample accommodation for four persons, de luxe equipment, and a readily dropped roof, this model at £168 should appeal to a wide motoring public

Many people have often wondered why motor-boating has never caught on in this country as it has in America and in certain places abroad. I must confess I have not studied the question in any great detail, but I had occasion the other Sunday to take my small motor-boat up the Thames from Weybridge to near Oxford, and during the course of this journey I learnt one or two facts which seemed to me would in themselves prevent many people from taking up motor boating. To start with, there is, on the average, a lock every three miles, and the smallest motor boat has to pay 1s. 6d. in order to pass through. In my particular case I travelled forty-one miles one day and I was forced to pay 21s. Motorists grouse, and very rightly, at having to pay 6d. or 1s. to cross a toll bridge. Whatever would they say or do, particularly the owner of an Austin Seven, when he was called upon to hand over 21s. every forty-one miles he travelled? In addition, the Thames Conservancy would relieve him of £4 as a registration fee each year.

Many stretches of the river which I traversed during my journey were fresh to me, and on one or two occasions I won't say I lost my way, but I was certainly undecided as to which of the channels ahead I should take. At most places of this nature there are no signposts at all, but in one instance there was something which was worse, and that was a sign with the word "Danger" on it and underneath another board indicating the main stream. Unfortunately both these boards did not point more in one direction than the other, with the result that the stranger, like myself, had no means of knowing which way led to danger and which was safe. The locks are usually neatly kept and the lock-keepers are courteous, but the arrangements for getting a boat through are primitive and entail much loss of time. Surely in these days the lock gates and the sluices in them should be operated from a central point by electricity. Although my journey was undertaken when the river was comparatively empty, my average time through a lock was about twelve minutes. In only one case had I to wait for someone else to come through, so that the time taken is a true indication of that of attracting the notice of the lock-keeper, emptying and filling the lock and then opening the gates. Other waterways may be different, but obviously the present policy of the Thames Conservancy is not to attract motor boats by the thousand, which seems to me a short-sighted outlook and one which sooner or later will have to be altered.

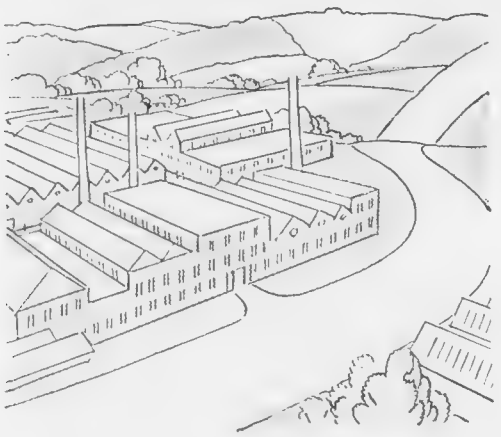
There is more than ever a tendency for motorists to drive their own cars. Many owners of high-grade cars find it inconvenient these days to employ permanent chauffeurs, and to help them the Rolls-Royce Company have inaugurated a service whereby all cars within the London area bought from them can be maintained at high efficiency without any trouble to the owner. Under this scheme one of a number of expert mechanic drivers will pay periodical visits to the garages of owners who require this service. The mechanic will completely lubricate all necessary parts and also attend to adjustments which are required.

Only a small charge is made for this service, which will include the cost of the lubricants.

AN ARISTOCRAT OF THE ROAD: A Hooper Sports Saloon on a 40-50-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis of standard type, but fitted with a high compression engine. The body being primarily designed for use in Kenya, special precautions have been taken to ensure that extreme climatic conditions shall have little or no effect on the structure. The colouring is cream with body mouldings in brown, while the steps and wings are painted black. Two spare wheels are carried at the back

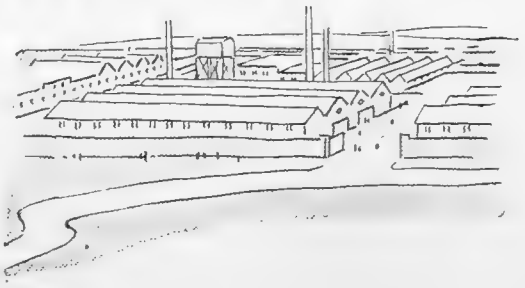
"He's out of town on business . . ."

He is the Director whose voice at a conference can do more good in two hours than a week of negotiating by letter. The man whose work-a-day week finds him in the Potteries on Tuesday, the



Yorkshire woollen towns on Wednesday, with business requiring his presence in

Bristol and Plymouth before the week-end. He can't wait to "fit in" trains. He drives a car and he drives it hard. Miles to him mean so many minutes. He asks much of



his car but thinks little about it. Only that it must be ready for duty day after day without fuss or failure.

ꕥ ꕥ ꕥ

He drives a Humber 16/60. He has owned four of them now. He knows they will never let him down.

HUMBER *16/60 Six light Saloon . . £435*

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HUNGARY FOR SPORT AND PLEASURE

THE CAPITAL: A view of the Danube at Budapest from Mount Gellerthegy. The Danube is particularly lovely at this point as the hills slope down to the river bank

THE DUNAPALOTA RITZ: One of Budapest's leading hotels. *Above*—The statue of Eugen de Savoy in Budapest, viewed from the Royal Palace

OPEN-AIR BATHING: One of Budapest's delightful swimming pools. The city offers many facilities for outdoor bathing, and the accommodation in all cases is excellent

With the end of pheasant and partridge shooting in February, the arrival of the close season for duck in March, and the end of deerstalking, the sportsman naturally turns his thoughts to foreign fields where he may continue to enjoy his favourite pastime. Hungary offers excellent opportunities for good shooting, and the fact that the season begins over there when it closes in Britain is particularly fortunate for sportsmen in this country who have the time and can afford to shoot all the year round.

The large estates in Hungary have always been well stocked with game, and provide sport on an unrestricted scale unrivalled anywhere else on the Continent. The Hungarian landowner is always delighted to receive travellers as his guests, and, in addition to a fine shooting holiday, visitors are assured a really comfortable time throughout their stay.

As the idea of discovering Hungary's hunting grounds begins to appeal more and more to the traveller, he will naturally start contemplating the ways and means of his journey. Of course, Budapest, the capital of Hungary, will be the first destination and centre for later excursions. Knowing something of its situation and all the pleasant possibilities of pastime, the question of the huntsman's family accompanying him eventually ceases to be a problem at all.

Budapest is at its best in the spring and summer, with the international polo championships held in lovely and picturesque surroundings on Margaret Island, the Davis Cup tennis tournaments, the regattas on the Danube, and all the excursions in the surrounding hilly country, none of them farther than half an hour by car. The various swimming pools, with their modern accommodation, the artificial wave bath, rendezvous of fashionable Budapest, the trotting races, football matches, pigeon shooting, hockey matches, and the really excellent golf course, all constitute so many items of interest to the sportsman that, even besides the actual shooting parties, the time of residence in town should be very pleasantly occupied.

But with all these pleasures in store for the visitor, there is one thing above all others which must on no account be missed—the Hungarian music. It is part and parcel of a great national tradition, and from the time of King Arpad down to the present day the national songs have been beloved both by the nobility and people. Since the beginning of the last century many institutions for the cultivation of music have arisen in Hungary, and hundreds of fine musicians are being trained every year. The visitor to Budapest, whatever the season, can enjoy delightful concerts and hear from the great players of to-day renderings of the work of famous Hungarian composers of the past. Once heard the music of this music-loving nation will never be forgotten.

The songs and ballads of Benjamin Egressy, Ladislas Zimay, Victor Langer, Alexander Erkel, and many other giants of the past are as individual as they are charming. Hungary is truly a land of delightful variety for the sportsman and the intellectual, while for the traveller who enjoys a little of everything and a surfeit of nothing it provides the ingredients that go to make a happy and never-to-be-forgotten holiday.

THE WHITE CITY OF SCHLITZ

The Art of Linen Bleaching

WHITE LINEN BLEACHING IN THE SUN: The people of Schlitz believe that there is no way of bleaching so effective as sun and air, and accordingly have practised this method ever since the industry first flourished

PREPARING FOR THE BLEACHING: The linen is laid out in the fields beyond the city boundaries

The traveller who comes for the first time to the small Hessian village of Schlitz in the summer may well wonder whether his eyes have not deceived him. The lawns in front of the houses and the fields around the city are white instead of green. Snow in a German city in midsummer? But as he comes nearer he discovers that what he took for snow is linen, laid out to bleach under the sun in the open air.

For many decades this custom has been followed. The inhabitants of Schlitz are convinced that no chemicals can bleach linen so well as sun and air, and the wide reputation enjoyed by the linen made here is due to that fact, coupled with the further advantage of soft, iron-free water in which the linen is washed before being bleached. In summer and winter alike great strips of linen, up to 200 ft. long, cover every available open space. And the quality of this water, by the way, is also responsible for the fact that Schlitz beer likewise enjoys a reputation reaching far beyond the confines of the small city itself.

Only a few decades ago there was hardly a home in the town in which there was no wooden loom. The art of weaving damask of high grade flourished. In the local museum one finds tablecloths and other articles which show on what high level the art of hand weaving once stood in Schlitz. Then the machine age came, and to-day there are but few houses from which one hears the thud of the handloom. Home industry has made way for the mechanical loom, but the raw linen is still bleached in the open, as in the old days.

But Schlitz is not merely a prosaic industrial city. It is full of the romance that clings around so many an old German city. The wanderer finds here ancient castles and houses, tiny flower gardens in cosy nooks, ancient, ivy-grown walls, and the many other things that cast an interesting light on the life and activities of generations long gone. And always, in summer or winter, the "eternal snow" of the Schlitz linen.

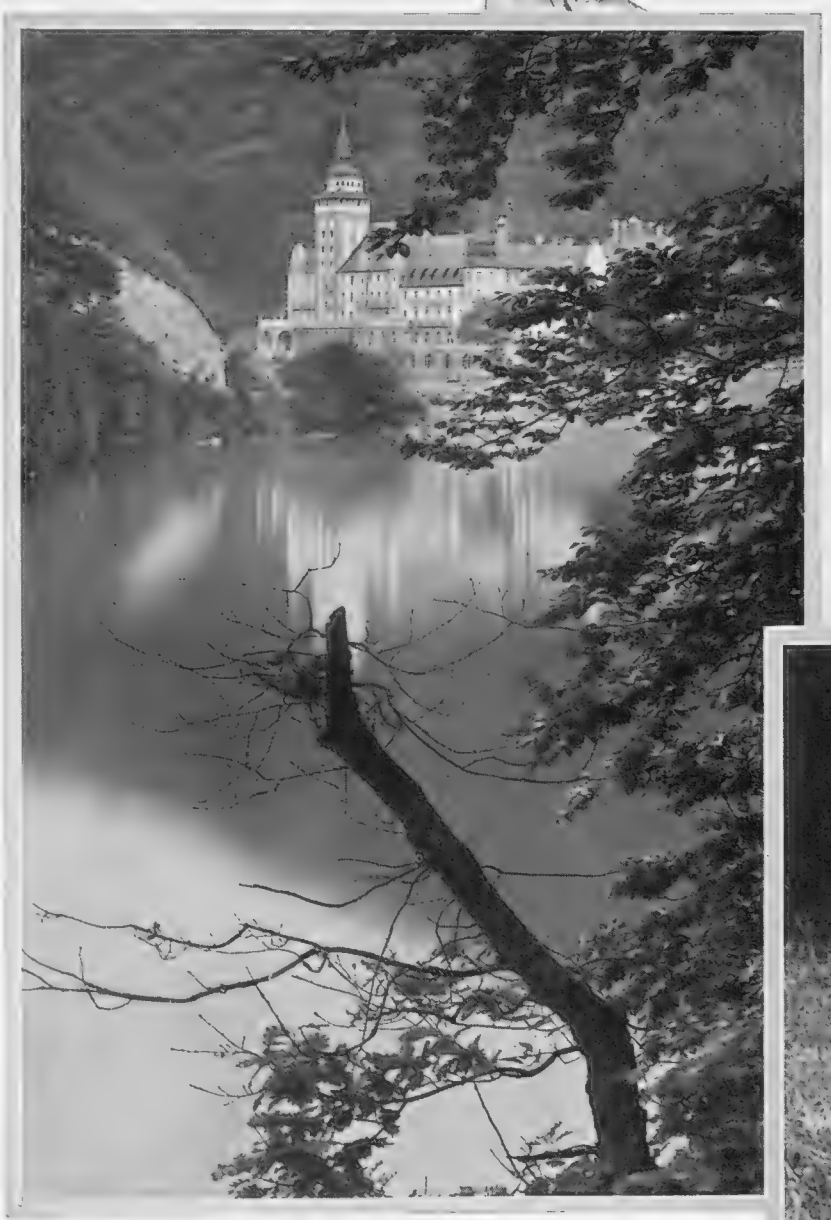
O

WATERING THE BLEACHING LINEN: Another phase of the simple process employed in the Schlitz linen industry. The water used is said to be completely free of iron

HARVESTING: Labourers bringing in the 200 ft. strips of linen from the fields

COME AND SHOOT IN HUNGARY

As each new year progresses, the English sportsman has to make up his mind to be deprived of one kind of shooting after another. Ptarmigan, grouse and blackgame—even if he is wealthy enough to get them, are by now enjoying their close season; February sees the end of pheasant shooting and partridge shooting; the close time for duck comes in March—the month which also sees the end of deer-stalking. There is nothing to do but put one's gun away—or console oneself with clay pigeons or an occasional rabbit. These circumstances make it all the more extraordinary that a sort of sportsman's paradise at a very easy distance has been hitherto so largely neglected. We speak of Hungary. Englishmen are perhaps too prone to form their ideas of sport on the continent from the ridiculous little coppices that you may see in Picardy bristling with "chasse reservée" notices; or on the pigeon shooting on the Riviera. But Hungary is a very different proposition. Here the estates of the nobility have always been stocked with game on the largest scale, ever since the Middle Ages. This game has never been seriously thinned. And the interesting thing is that the Hungarian season opens just when the close season begins—in the few cases in which it has been found necessary to protect the game at all. Now let us suppose you are an Englishman of moderate means who has never enjoyed more than a hundred brace of shooting shared with some other modest Nimrods, from which you perhaps get fifty brace of pheasants and fifty brace of partridges. You can now realise your ambition. For little more than the price of an ordinary summer holiday you can enjoy such deerstalking in Hungary as the best of shooting countries rarely offer millionaires. The lesser forms of game, hare, pheasant, partridge, are so plentiful in Hungary that we should only court incredulity by quoting the figures of average bags. And these Hungarian shoots are not merely wholesale massacres or battues. The birds are all wild and have never known the keeper's hand. Lastly, when you get to Hungary, you are not just handed a "game pass" by some type of official and told "Woe betide you if you shoot more than your allotted amount." On the contrary, the Hungarian landowner who presides over the estate will receive you as his guest and you may enjoy your sport without restraint.



THE SPHERE

is able to announce the arrangement by the Hungarian authorities of an unique form of shooting holiday in Hungary on terms which have never before been available to British sportsmen.

The total inclusive price of this trip is

120 guineas

which includes:—

Return railway accommodation from London to Budapest by the Orient or Arlberg Express.

Two days in Budapest, with accommodation at a first-class hotel (either the Ritz, the Hungaria or the St. Gellert).

Transport by motor-car to the shooting territory of a Hungarian country gentleman or nobleman.

Twelve days' roe-buck shooting over picked Hungarian shooting areas, with the right to kill five roe-buck. During these twelve days visitors will be accommodated at a castle or shooting lodge with all the privileges of guests—*e.g.*, tennis, riding, fishing, etc.

Roe-buck shooting extends from April 15th to July 31st. A special feature of these tours is the personal attention which will be paid to all visitors.

For further information of this remarkable holiday, and other interesting tours in Hungary, call or write to sole agents for the organisers:

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Telephone: Whitehall 0112. *Telegrams: Dorlandism, Piccy.*

A Hungarian gentleman thoroughly conversant with all points is in attendance at the above address to give personal attention to prospective visitors.

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An Ideal Summer Resort

By CLIVE HOLLAND

The island of Jersey, the largest of the Channel Island group, has for many years been a favourite resort of British holiday-makers. This is not to be wondered at, for in addition to a delightful climate, warm in winter and tempered by sea breezes in summer, Jersey offers many attractions.

To see the island at its best the holiday-maker would be advised to visit it between April and October. In the first-named month Jersey has all the beauties of a wealth of flowers at least a month in advance of England, and in the latter it enjoys all the glory of autumn with its richness of colouring and its still warm days.

The island scenery is gorgeous and the coastline here and there deeply indented with little bays and beaches of golden sand. Many of the bays are quite small and are surrounded by hills clothed with purple heather in the late summer and autumn, and in the late spring and early summer are ablaze with gorse and broom. They are always green with many varieties of ferns breaking up the vivid colouring of the flowering plants.

The island, too, has many interesting customs surviving from feudal times. It has also a Parliament of its own called the States. French remains the official language, although English is very generally spoken throughout the island, save in the smallest villages and hamlets.

One reaches Jersey, which is 95 miles from Weymouth and 120 from Southampton, by the excellent daily services of fine boats of the Southern and Great Western Railways. The island is only 15 miles distant from the coast of Normandy, and during the course of a holiday visits can be made to the mainland with little difficulty.

St. Helier, the capital of Jersey, lies on the south coast, and is about midway between La Roque Point, its most eastern extremity, and the famous Corbière Point on the west. It is situated on the eastern curve of St. Aubin's Bay, which, seen from the summit of one of the surrounding hills, provides an unforgettable sight.

As the steamer draws into St. Helier, Elizabeth Castle, a fortress built in the middle of the sixteenth century by Sir Hugh Paulett, Governor of Jersey, from funds raised by pillaging the churches, immediately comes into view. Charles II and Lord Clarendon occupied the Governor's residence, which is at the top of the Keep, in 1646 and 1649–50. The castle was a Royalist stronghold during the great Civil War, and was defended by Sir George Carteret. Sir George, who was at that time Governor of Jersey, was a pirate on a large scale, and through his nefarious calling appears to have amassed a considerable fortune.

There is plenty to do in Jersey, for in addition to every facility for outdoor sport there also is exploring, either by motor

THE BROOK: A rural scene in the Valley des Vaux, Jersey

JERSEY

Chairman: The Rt. Hon. Th
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(CHANNEL ISLANDS)

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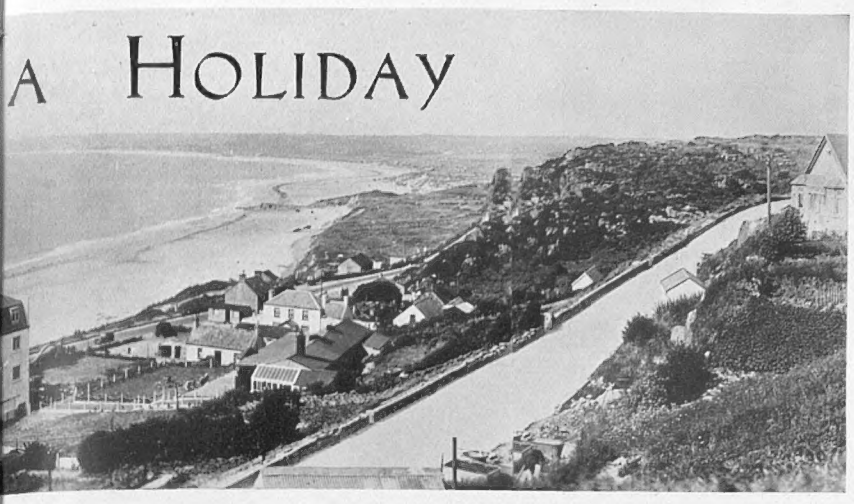
A HOLIDAY



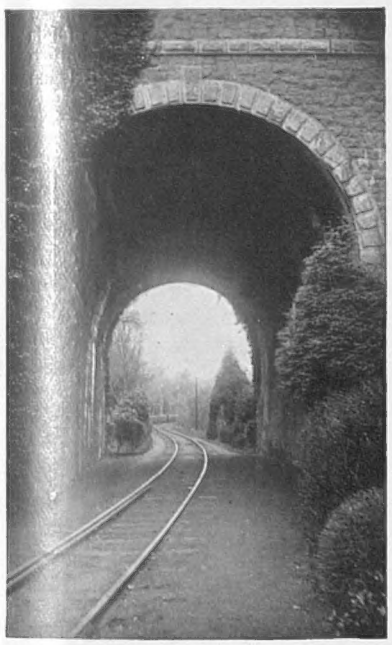
Left—PORTELET BAY: A famous Jersey beauty spot on the coast. *Above*—ST. OUEN'S BAY: A very popular Jersey resort

or afoot along excellent roads, the many pretty valleys and coast-line beauty spots making an extended tour thoroughly worth while. Indeed, Jersey has not inaptly been described as a walker's paradise, for it is possible to see most of it afoot in ten days or a fortnight.

Although there is not a great deal of historic and architectural interest about St. Helier, there is much that is picturesque. Perhaps the most historic spot is the Royal Square, where on January 6, 1781, was fought what is usually called "the Battle of Jersey," between about 800 French troops, which had landed near Gorey under the command of an adventurer named Macquart, and the British garrison, about 2,000 strong. The engagement resulted in the speedy crushing of the invader, and is important in that it was the last engagement actually fought on British soil. Round Royal Square are grouped the three most important civic buildings, the States Hall, the Court House, and the Public Library, all housed beneath a single roof.

Quite close to St. Helier on the southern side of the island lies the little port of Gorey grouped around a great mass of rock upon which stands Mont Orgueil Castle, built on the site of a Roman fort, and now one of the most perfect examples of Norman-Tudor fortress architecture still standing. The highest point of the Keep is more than 300 ft. above sea level, and from this, in fine weather, magnificent views can be obtained of the high Normandy coast, to which in the summer a steamer runs daily from Gorey.

Among the many places visited by most holiday-makers is Prince's Tower, known as Houge Bie standing at the junction of Grouville and St. Saviour's parishes. In the rectory of the latter the once world-famous society actress, Lily Langtry, afterwards Lady de Bathe, was born.



JERSEY'S RAILWAY: The tree-lined track to the golf course

Jersey is rich, indeed, in beauty spots and delightful places for picnics. One place which is always popular is the "Creux de Vis," or, as it is more popularly called, "the Devil's Hole," an immense funnel-shaped shaft in the top of the cliff communicating at the bottom with the sea by a natural tunnel. Then in beautiful St. John's Bay are the Wolf Caves, the greatest of which is 350 ft. in length by 40 ft. in height, with a deep pool known as Venus' Bath.

Corbière Point is a favourite picnic spot with holiday-makers, and on the cliffs, above the dangerous reef on which the lighthouse stands, on sunny days are to be seen many lizards sunning themselves on the rocks.

Of indoor amusements at St. Helier there is no lack, for there are not only several cinemas, one of which at least will bear comparison with those found in any town of the size, but there is also an opera house at which good companies perform in the season, a music hall, and excellent facilities in the various hotels and cafés for dancing.

A fortnight or longer in Jersey, where the weather in summer is usually fine, can prove a most delightful and jolly holiday.

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JERSEY PLACED FIRST FOR 1932 AS THE SUNNIEST HOLIDAY RESORT IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PEACE OR WAR IN THE OIL WORLD

(*Continued from p.* 134)

The two thorniest problems of the Oil Conference are Rumania and the independent producers. Rumania's oil magnates support the conference and have no wish to wreck it, but oil is the country's major export, and the major support of her national budget and currency. She cannot therefore afford to restrict production beyond a certain point without national bankruptcy. Persuaded by the promise of a substantial rise in world prices by means of the world restriction scheme, she agreed last December to a drastic cut. Prices, however, have since fallen even further because of the invasion of the world markets by the American independent producers outside the Conference, who control about 12 per cent. of total world output.

Like the Geneva League, the Oil League is sitting on a volcano, because the Rumanians have agreed recently to remain in it only on condition that the American Federal Government succeeds in controlling the offending American independents. Failing that, Rumania, despite all entreaties, firmly intimates her intention to quit the Conference, and the oil world will return to war. All eyes, therefore, are now turned on the Washington National Oil Conference.

Tyre Firm's Profit

It is reported that the net profit of the India Tyre and Rubber Company (Great Britain) Ltd., for the year ended December 31, 1932, after providing for general administrative and selling expenses, bad or doubtful debts, factory maintenance, depreciation (£50,117 8s. 4d.), interest paid, and directors' fees, amounts to £22,477 13s. 5d.

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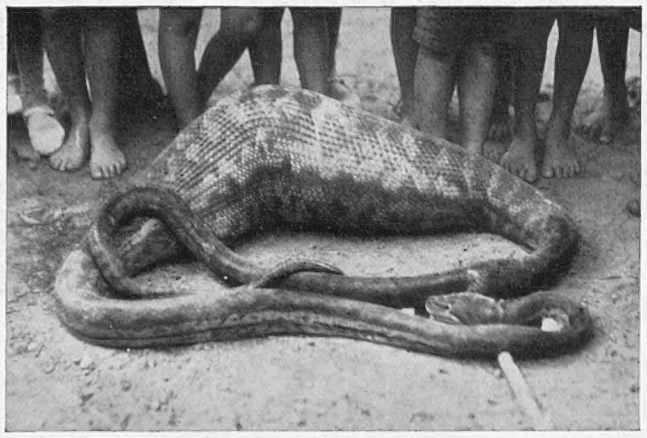
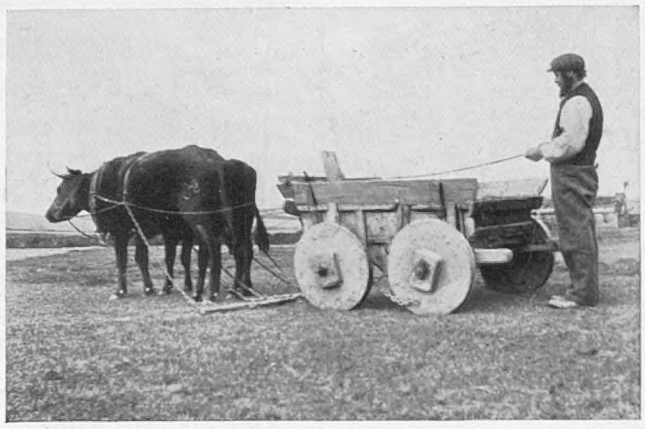


A SNAKE'S SNACK: An 18 ft. carpet snake, captured in North Queensland, caught by the camera immediately after it had swallowed a wallaby. The bottom jaw of this snake is in three sections, thus allowing it to take so large a mouthful

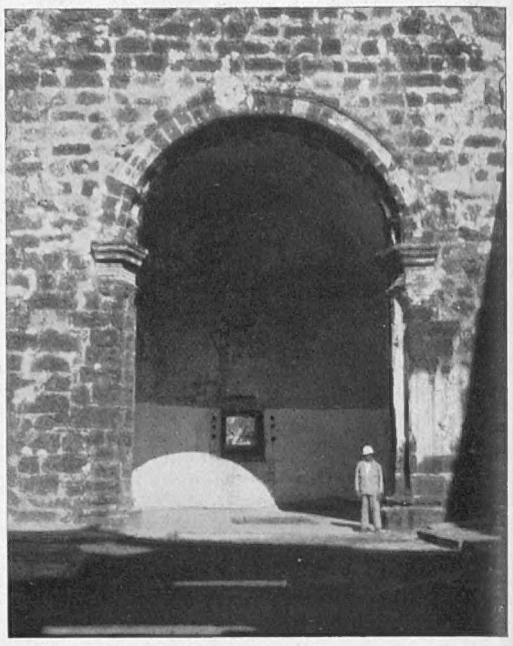
We reproduce on this page three interesting snapshots taken by readers of THE SPHERE while on holiday. One reader has recently visited the tomb of St. Francis Xavier, the Roman Catholic missionary and saint, styled since his death as the Apostle of the Indies. Xavier was a native of Northern Spain, being the son of a nobleman whose family seat of Xavier lay to the north-west of Pampeluna. At the College of Sainte Barbe, in Paris, he attained, while still young, some importance as a lecturer on philosophy, but a friendship which he formed with his fellow countryman Loyola turned his attention in a new direction, and he became one of the first members of the Society of Jesus. In the early part of 1540, before the Society had received papal approbation, he was chosen for the mission to India, and received the title of Apostolic Nuncio from Paul III. The rest of his life was consecrated with high-souled devotion to the work of an evangelist. He died on December 2, 1552.



MEDIEVAL TRANSPORT: This ox-drawn wagon, which looks like a survival from the Stone Age, is still in use in the Orkneys. When going down hill the rear wheels are locked by a chain which provides a most effective brake

OUR POST-BAG

Interesting Camera Studies by "Sphere" Readers



MISSIONARY AND SAINT: The tomb of St. Francis Xavier at Malacca

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